

The Outlook

MARCH 9, 1921

PROPAGANDA ABOUT THE BLACK TROOPS

GERMAN propaganda (never, even during the war, wholly inactive) has now broken out in the United States with new vigor.

Its latest manifestation is a protest, printed and oral, against the alleged "horror on the Rhine." E. D. Morel, once a defender of the rights of the blacks in the Congo, since then, though an Englishman, an apologist for the Germans, is one of the persons engaged in this new German propaganda. Of course G. S. Viereck, whose openly pro-German paper, "The Fatherland," discreetly changed its name but not its character during the war, is another propagandist. The hyphenated Germans are also trying with some success to get partners from among the hyphenated Irish.

An outbreak of this propaganda occurred in New York City in Madison Square Garden last week. Though we are still officially on a war basis in our relations with Germany, these assembled sympathizers with an alien enemy were allowed to make a gross and unwarranted attack upon the honor of our ally, France. These people charged the French with maintaining on the Rhine a horde of black savages.

The whole meeting was an appeal to the most violent and passionate of prejudices, an attempt to arouse hatred of white against black, of German against the English and the French, of the Irish against the French, and all against Americans.

The charges made against the French by these pro-Germans have been denied and disproved. There are no black troops among the French Colonials on the Rhine; and the French troops that are there are there because they are needed, and Colonial troops are used because Frenchmen cannot be spared from the work of restoring the land that Germany despoiled and outraged. In a letter sent months ago to the "Christian Science Monitor," of Boston, the French Consul-General in New York called the accusations which had then been printed "grotesque and malicious."

These pro-German propagandists have done the truth a good service in making themselves objectionable, but they are doing their own doctrines no good. There are a good many Americans who have been becoming inclined to wonder whether Germany was not rather hard pressed and who have listened somewhat

sympathetically to German complaints. This sort of propaganda serves to show that the Germans are just as untrustworthy as ever. Those who have held out their hand to Germany will hesitate about doing it again when they find that it is spat upon. And when pro-German sympathizers get together and hiss the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and hiss him in the name of a nation

Next week we shall print Special Correspondence on the question of the Black Troops from Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris "Matin," with a statement from Marshal Foch.

with which we are still officially at war, they will find that the political opponents of Mr. Wilson are as resentful of their proceeding as his political supporters. Americans who have been off their guard about pro-German propaganda are now, as a consequence of this proceeding, more likely to take warning.

WHY BE MECHANICAL AND MEDIAEVAL?

IN restricting immigration Congress has, we are sorry to say, adopted the Dillingham Bill.

Congress had two immigration bills before it—the Johnson Bill, promptly passed by the House of Representatives last December, and the Dillingham Bill, recently passed by the Senate and now agreed to by the House only because of the realization that, unless the Senate plan was adopted, there was no hope for immigration legislation of any kind at the last session of the Sixty-sixth Congress. The Johnson Bill would have practically excluded all immigrants while we are studying the general problem and preparing for more permanent legislation. The Dillingham Bill would admit from April 1 and throughout the coming fiscal year only three per cent of the foreign-born of any particular nationality resident here. It would thus deal with a human problem in a mechanical way.

It is a stupid and vicious bill. The

character of the immigrant is of more moment than is the country of his origin. Certainly the alien influx must be proportioned to our capacity for assimilating it and immigration restricted. But in this task ethnic percentages do not mean as much as is supposed. This particular percentage, completely carried out as to each country, would give us a total for a year of some 355,000 immigrants. Of them there would be about 75,000 potential propagandists from Germany and some 52,000 from Russia—countries with which we have not at present diplomatic dealings; on the other hand, we would get 1,482 persons from Belgium and only 139 from Serbia—to mention two countries especially hard hit by the war and whose immigrants arrive here with particular qualifications and appeal. The Dillingham Bill establishes the *status quo*, and the unassimilated Germans in America are alone enough to show that what we need to do with that status is not to fix it but to change it.

The bill is thus mediæval, not modern. Its percentage idea was first proposed some years ago by Dr. Sidney Gulick, the well-known authority on education and missions, in an effort to placate the Japanese by limiting Japanese immigration without formally discriminating against the Japanese. If we are to have a percentage basis, it should, we think, be based, not on the ethnic resident populations here, but on the readiness of the various immigrant races to become American citizens. Such a policy, while not ideal, would doubtless improve the quality of our immigration.

What we really need is not any such rigid plan, but something like the elastic plan followed by Canada. Instead of the present Bureau of Immigration, we ought to have an Immigration Commission, composed of men of the most eminent ability and paid proportionately, whose orders would be law to every American official abroad, whose requirements for admission here would be lenient when we need labor and hard when we do not, in no case, of course, approving the migration of persons of unsound body or mind. The process of selection is really a matter of diplomatic regulation by our consuls under the visé system. Why, therefore, should not our consuls and immigration agents abroad be requested to do something more than merely examine emigrants? Why should not a little proper advertis-

ing of our country be added to their duties? Why, for instance, should they not publicly advertise the fact that the State of Kansas, let us say, needs some thousands of foreign hands and that emigrants who agree to go to that State and work there should apply for consular visés? Why, for example, should it not be advertised that in a certain American area good land may be had at low prices? Why not open, as Canada has done, immigration offices in various foreign cities where fairly complete data can be obtained as to the needs and possibilities of various sections of our country? In other words, why not give to the emigrant, before he leaves his home land, the chance to find just how he may best use his time and money here? Thus, before the emigrant reaches America, we would have done the major part of the work in solving the problems both of selection and of distribution. In particular, we would have done something to lessen our present burden of having more immigrants in our cities than we can assimilate.

Hitherto we have passively received immigrants, though exercising some discrimination. We ought now to act on the principle that America, not the immigrant, should take the initiative, seeking those whom she wants, and preventing those whom she does not want from even starting towards her shores.

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON BECOMES A TEMPORARY NEW YORKER

THE sudden and somewhat dramatic appearance in New York of Senator Hiram Johnson as the counsel of Mayor Hylan and his administration in their conflict with the street transportation interests has given the controversy a National aspect.

That controversy, which we have already reported, is the result of the rapid deterioration and in some instances the complete breakdown of the subway, elevated, and street-car lines. Some of them have already become bankrupt, others are threatened with bankruptcy. Equipment is inadequate; the service is poor; transfers have been abolished; some routes have been discontinued.

Everybody agrees that this disorganized condition is largely due to greatly increased costs of operation, the price of coal and equipment and the wages of the men being the chief factors. But there is bitter disagreement as to the remedy.

The owners and managers of the roads insist that nothing can save the situation but an immediate increase of fares, which is naturally very unpopular. Mayor Hylan and his supporters

assert that municipal ownership and municipal operation at the present rate of fare with any deficits paid out of the general tax fund is the only cure. Governor Miller proposes a competent survey of the whole situation, a consolidation of the subways, elevateds, and trolley lines into one co-ordinated system to be owned by the city, but leased to a private corporation for operation on a reasonable fare to be determined after an investigation of costs. Bills have been introduced into the State Legislature to carry out the Governor's plan. Senator Johnson has been brought from California to New York by Mayor Hylan, supposedly with the backing of Mr. Hearst, to oppose Governor Miller and to fight for municipal ownership and operation.

Mayor Hylan's critics have pointed out with some amusement that, while he objects to Governor Miller's taking an active part in this transportation controversy because that is an interference with the principle of home rule, he himself has found it necessary to go three thousand miles across the continent and import Senator Hiram Johnson to represent him before the State Legislature. Other critics have expressed the feeling that Senator Johnson has undertaken this work as a means of preparing the way for his appearance as a candidate of popular rights in the Presidential campaign of 1924. Unfortunately, there is some ground for questioning the complete disinterestedness of both Mayor Hylan and Senator Johnson, but in all fairness it should be said that Senator Johnson has for many years been a persistent and consistent advocate of municipal ownership and operation, and that Mayor Hylan, a former employee and engine-driver of one of the Brooklyn elevated roads, is undoubtedly genuine in his antipathy to private operation.

There is one general principle which stands out clearly in this confused debate. Street transportation is the arterial system of city life. When it breaks down, the entire city breaks down. It ought to be administered on a plan as unified and co-ordinated as the water system. The question of fare is a detail, although a complicated detail. In some instances franchises and contracts have been made on the basis of a five-cent fare, so that there is some doubt whether the courts would permit an increase even if the Legislature wanted to permit it.

The real question at issue is whether the people of New York want the city government to operate the street railways, or private corporations to operate them. In either case, if the fare remains at five cents deficits will have to be paid out of the general income of the city from taxation. The objection to

city operation is that it creates an additional city bureaucracy, and that government business of all kinds is apt to be carried on less efficiently and economically than private business. On the other hand, if private companies operate the transportation system on a lease from the city they probably cannot do it on a five-cent fare with universal transfers unless deficits are guaranteed from the general tax fund. Such a guaranty would not tend to economy and efficiency even on the part of private management.

The inevitable conclusion seems to us to be that Governor Miller has taken the right course in this matter. The whole problem should be surveyed and a plain and understandable report made to the public before the public can intelligently decide as to whether it wants municipal operation with low fares and high taxes or private operation with higher fares and less taxation.

LESSONS FROM THE NEWEST AND OLDEST REPUBLICS

"STRANGE as it may seem, this Republic of ours can take lessons from a yearling when it comes to forestry, and the yearling is republican Czechoslovakia. In that new Republic only mature timber can be cut. Without official sanction no soil once used for forest purposes may be used for any other. All lumbered acres must be reforested within five years. The laws also provide for the maintenance of a force of trained foresters and wardens for fire protection." So stated Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, the other day. He also drew a lesson from the oldest Republic in the world as follows:

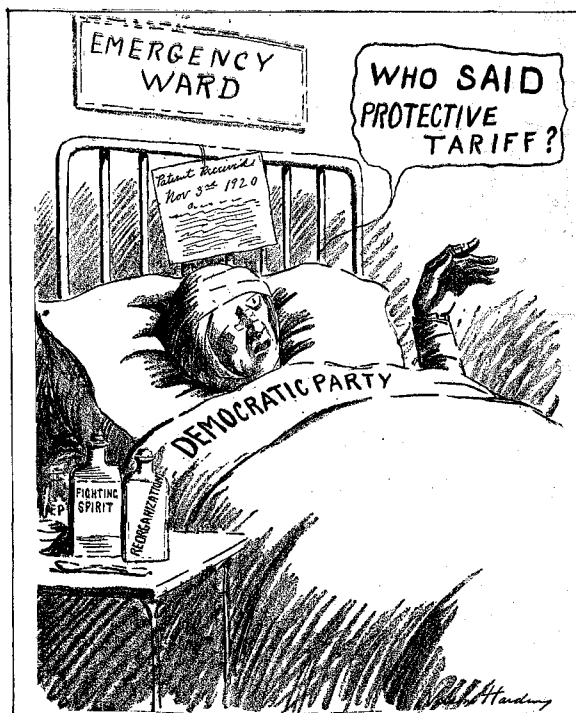
"As has been said, with her municipal forests Switzerland holds her mountains up and her taxes down. Six hundred years ago the city of Zurich put its forest to work. That forest has been working steadily ever since. It never goes on strike. It is always on the job. A municipal wood lot is a handy thing to have around, ready to go to work when coal strikes threaten and railway transportation goes bad.

"The United States can learn a valuable lesson from Swiss methods. Our timber is being consumed far more rapidly than it is being reproduced. Moreover, our forest-fire bill amounts to many million dollars a year. Finally, the center of the timber industry is rapidly moving toward the Pacific coast. That means that freight rates of millions of dollars a year must be paid by somebody to keep the wood industry going. And that somebody is the public. The housing situation and the high cost of living are both tied up with the in-

TROUBLES—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

PICTURED IN CARTOONS THAT APPEALED TO OUTLOOK READERS

Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS

From W. F. Kruse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reid in the Dayton Journal



YOU KNOW HOW SOME PEOPLE LEAVE THINGS WHEN THEY MOVE OUT

From Mrs. George E. Malone, Dayton, Ohio

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD ISN'T SURE THAT IT'S REALLY GRANDMA

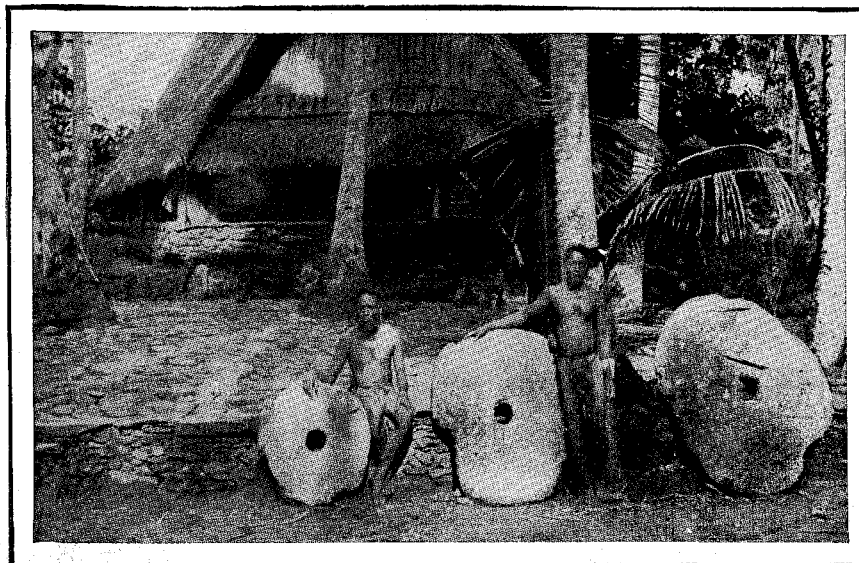
From William H. Coleman, Narberth, Pa.

Thomas in the Detroit News



THE DILEMMA

From H. G. Grupe, Detroit, Mich.



From "The Caroline Islands," by F. W. Christian
Reproduced by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

NATIVES OF THE ISLAND OF YAP, WITH THEIR REMARKABLE STONE MONEY

creasing scarcity of a great National resource. About everything that has to do with our economic life depends in one way or another on the cost of wood—if it is not made of wood it is wrapped in wood." The cost of that important division of the wood-using industry, paper and pulp, is now higher than that abroad. But "abroad" knows better how to conserve a natural resource, and for its immediate purposes in particular to keep it at the municipal back door.

It is a satisfaction, therefore, to learn that the State of New York has begun to encourage municipal forests. A publicly owned forest is being established at Malone. At Newburgh children have set out some five thousand trees and at Watertown ten thousand.

THE DISPOSAL OF YAP

YAP is a little Pacific Ocean island, comprising about eighty square miles on which dwell some eight thousand people. It lies half-way between Guam and the Philippines. Small as it is, it is a great cable center; indeed, it is the key to telegraphic communication in the Pacific.

Before the war Yap was a German possession. The Paris Conference and the League of Nations assigned it to Japan along with all the other former German Pacific possessions north of the equator. President Wilson says that in the Paris discussion he stipulated that the question of the disposition of Yap should be reserved for future consideration. He now formally objects to awarding the island to Japan because the mandate would give Japan exclusive control over an international center of communication. Hence he has instructed his Secretary of State to inform the League that

As one of the principal Allied and Associated Powers, the United States

has equal concern and inseparable interest with the other principal Allied and Associated Powers in the overseas possessions of Germany, and concededly an equal voice in their disposition, which, it is respectfully submitted, cannot be undertaken or effected without its assent.

We did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles and we did not join the League of Nations. Strange as it may seem, the Wilson Administration even withdrew from the Supreme Council of Ambassadors. Our legal right, therefore, to claim an "equal concern and inseparable interest" may and probably will be challenged by the Council of the League of Nations, now in session in Paris, and by the Supreme Council, now in session in London.

But there is another than a merely legal issue—a diplomatic issue, an issue of expediency, if you like. This, too, the League and the Supreme Council will doubtless take into consideration. The exigency is critical for their relations with Germany. Will it be good policy

for them to disregard our protest, and consequently risk a cooling off of the good relations between us and our allies at a juncture when the material and moral value of those relations is appreciated nowhere better than in Germany!

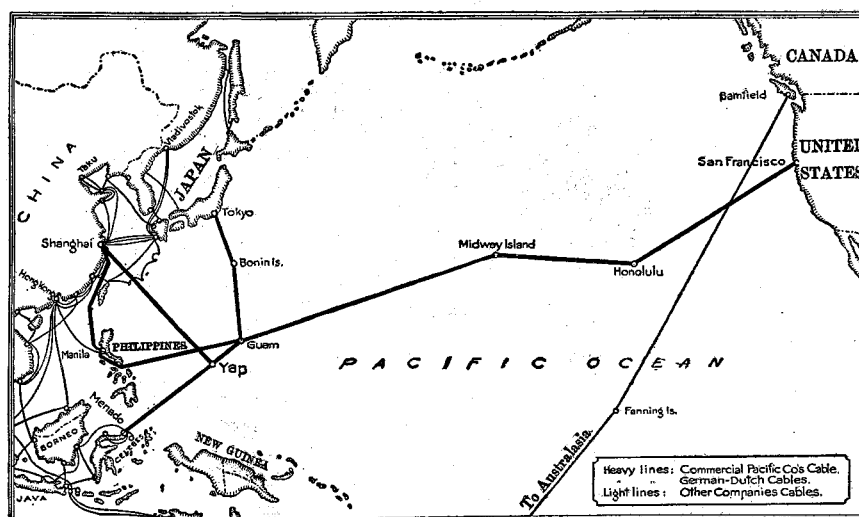
At the same time many Americans, we believe, as well as all foreigners, are amused at the frequent assertions during the recent campaign that "we want nothing from abroad," followed, as they have been, by two very vigorous notes as to something quite definite which we do want.

THE BISHOPS MAY STAY AT HOME

AT this season of the year in the Episcopal Church it is usual to find some of the nineteen missionary bishops of the West going to the rich congregations of the East on what has become known as their "annual begging tour." This year, however, there is no solicitation. For the first time in the history of the Episcopal Church the missionary bishops are not under the compulsion of raising money. They are remaining as shepherds with their flocks, and not away from them on begging tours.

This changed condition is due to the fact that the Church has determined to conduct its business affairs in a businesslike manner, with a fixed budget of expense. A large proportion of the budget provides for the extension of the missions both in the United States and abroad. Definite appropriations were made and the moneys were sent to the missionary bishops.

The result has of course been satisfactory in most respects. For instance, the Bishop of Oklahoma, the Right Rev. Theodore Paine Thurston, reports that during the past year he has had fifty per cent more confirmations in his diocese than he had ever before in any one year. Many new parishes were organ-



Courtesy of "Asia" Magazine

THE ISLAND OF YAP IN ITS RELATION TO THE CABLE SERVICE

ized, new life was put into old parishes and missions, new church buildings were started, and an unparalleled spirit of enthusiasm and devotion to church activity has been aroused in that section of the country.

But in one respect the new order of things reveals a startling fact. Bishop Thurston could not use all of the money allotted to him for missionaries' salaries because he "did not have enough missionaries to receive the full allotment." The fact is that there is a shortage of men. With the assurance that the missionary will be properly compensated, it is reasonable to expect that there will be more and better accessions to the ministry.

To the Episcopal Church credit must be accorded for its wisdom in realizing the need of improved business administration and for its generosity in backing up that wisdom with necessary funds to put its progressive programme into effective operation.

SPANNING THE CONTINENT

THE Postal Air Service has established a new mark in its progress towards putting the air mail upon an efficient and practical basis. It has succeeded in transporting mail from San Francisco to New York in thirty-three hours and twenty-one minutes.

The three hundred pounds of mail which was borne across the continent in this phenomenal time was transported by a relay of planes and pilots. The first plane left San Francisco at twenty-nine minutes past four, on Tuesday, February 22. It arrived at Reno, Nevada, at 6:45. Here the mail was transferred to another plane with another pilot, who carried the mail to Elko, Nevada. With another change of planes, but with the same pilot, the mail was then carried to Salt Lake City. It reached there at half-past eleven. The next relay carried the mail as far as Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the next to North Platte.

From North Platte to Chicago, with one stop at Omaha, the mail was intrusted to a single pilot, who made a daring night flight through snow and fog over a distance of 839 miles. It was this flight, beginning at 7:48 on the evening of the 22d and ending at 8:40 the following morning, which made possible the establishment of the new record.

From Chicago to New York the mail was transported, with a relay at Cleveland, arriving at Mineola Field at 4:50 P.M. on February 23. Of course the start of the journey was made in accordance with Pacific time and the arrival is recorded in Eastern time. This advantage of three hours is offset by the fact



International

RECEIVING TRANSCONTINENTAL MAIL BY AIRPLANE IN CHICAGO

The mail which is here being unloaded in Chicago consists of letters that left San Francisco by airplane at 4:29 A.M. February 22, arriving in Chicago at 8:40 A.M. on the 23d—27 hours elapsed time.

The same letters leaving San Francisco by train would take about 72 hours to reach Chicago

that the prevailing wind is from East to West.

The Postal Mail Service announces that by May it hopes to establish a regular mail delivery between San Francisco and New York of approximately thirty-six hours. What would the Forty-niners say to such a prospect?

THE TRAINED DIPLOMAT

WHEN people begin to dispute over a subject, it is a sign that that subject is alive. We welcome the sign that our diplomatic service is not dead which is to be found in the group of articles printed in this issue.

By means of controversy, too, we are likely the sooner to get to the truth; and there is a sharp controversy in those articles.

It is a controversy in which one extreme is represented by the unhealthily fat and gouty old codger, probably with a title, who spends most of his time on a social round and who conceives that his principal duty is to lie for his country, and the other extreme is represented by Mr. Bryan.

It is the extreme represented by Mr. Bryan that Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt fears; it is the fat old codger that Mr. Ellis fears.

In fact Mr. Ellis, in his article, comes perilously near to accepting the Bryan ideal. Because men who have made diplomacy a profession and have risen

from the ranks have been stupid and have got their countries into a mess, it would seem, forsooth, that it would be better to leave diplomats untrained. One could find similar arguments for abolishing law schools, medical schools, colleges, high schools, and kindergartens. The men of the stone age who had no trained diplomats did not have any diplomatic troubles.

In spite of Mr. Ellis's arguments, we are still of the opinion that democracy is capable of employing experts to advantage and that ignorance is a cure for nothing.

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

HISTORY will soften the verdict rendered by the voters last November on the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, but is not likely to reverse it.

Whatever in that judgment was due to personal animosity or party feeling will, after the lapse of years, disappear. The fact will remain, however, that the plans which Mr. Wilson had for making over the Republic and for creating a new world order, plans on which he had set his heart, went awry. In the faith that what he desired so ardently must not only be right but also be equally desired by his fellow-men he sacrificed what seemed to him the lesser good; and, losing thus the benefits he might have secured, he lost the main objects

as well. Acclaimed at first by his party, he has left it disrupted and feeble; supported as no other war President has ever been, he retires to private life repudiated by an unprecedented majority; hailed in Europe by popular and official demonstrations without parallel, he has become now the object of bitter reproach. Broken in health and disillusioned, he is entitled to the sympathy of all Americans.

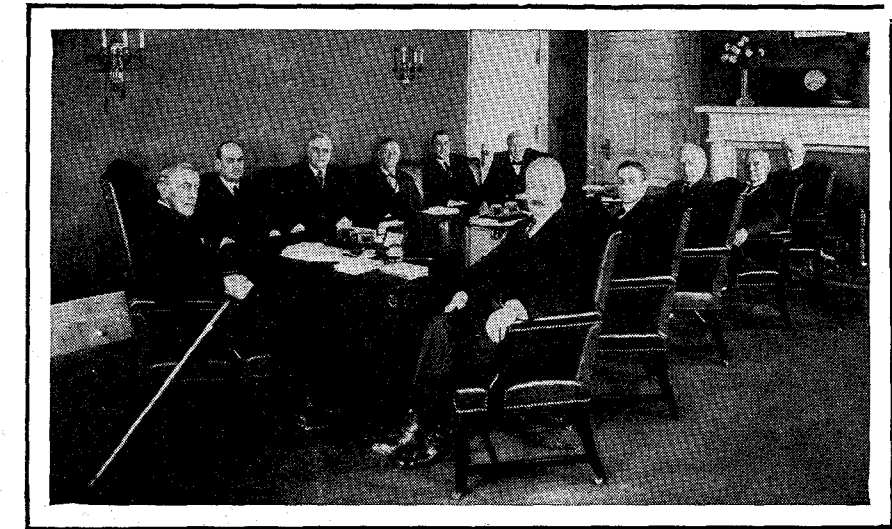
It is wholly unnecessary to ascribe Mr. Wilson's failures either to wrong motives on his own part or to selfishness, stupidity, or passion on the part of those who opposed him. One of the lessons democracy has not yet fully learned is to judge men's acts without endeavoring to judge their characters. It is possible and reasonable to believe in the honesty and patriotism alike of Mr. Wilson and of those who here and abroad thwarted his purposes.

I

Whatever verdict history will render on the two terms of President Wilson, it will not ignore them. They constitute eight of the most memorable years in the history of the Republic, and five of the most memorable years in the history of the world. They will be remembered because of the magnitude of the events which occurred in them; but in America they will be remembered also because of the personality and the influence of the President. In the line of Presidents he will certainly remain among the more distinguished. Some Presidents have been capable executives but unobtrusive; others have been both unobtrusive and incapable; but, whatever judgment may be rendered upon Mr. Wilson's capability, there is no danger that he will ever become obscure.

Americans want their Presidents not merely to hold office but to play a great part. They are proud when their Chief Executive proves to be a man of great distinction. Such certainly was Mr. Wilson. He had the Presidential gesture. He was quite conscious of his rôle, as he once intimated quite frankly to a group of newspaper correspondents in Washington when he welcomed an occasion of relief from it. He played his part well at home and superlatively well abroad. At the Peace Conference in Paris, where many men of great distinction were assembled, Mr. Wilson was the grand figure. Physically he looked the part. He bore himself with graciousness. And when he spoke his words gave the effect of noble utterance.

It was this ability to look and speak and act the part of the most powerful executive in the world that gave him his chief hold upon his party at the outset of his first term. Followers of Mr. Bryan, loyal henchmen of the bosses,



(C) Keystone

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS CABINET IN THE LAST MONTH OF HIS ADMINISTRATION

From left to right—President Wilson; Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Palmer, Attorney-General; Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Mr. Colby, Secretary of State; Mr. Baker, Secretary of War; Mr. Burleson, Postmaster-General; Mr. Payne, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Alexander, Secretary of Commerce

successors of the mugwumps, and proud politicians from the South so long politically powerless were, however mutually uncongenial, all enthusiastic over the fact that the Democratic party had placed in the White House a cultivated gentleman, a scholar in politics, a personage.

It is impossible to understand Mr. Wilson's course as President without recognizing the power that he exerted through his personal dignity. And this impression of greatness which he imparted by his personal presence he also imparted by his writings. Even when readers did not altogether understand what he had written, they received the impression that a great and lofty idea had been expressed with great clearness. Praise for his literary style was but a form of the recognition of Mr. Wilson's extraordinary ability not only to be President but also to seem to be.

In this very quality there was danger to his ultimate success. When he said in the late autumn of 1914 that those who advocated preparedness were "nervous and excitable," he gave an impression to the country much the same as if he had actually demonstrated that the country was prepared. When he told Germany that she would be held to a "strict accountability," he made the country really believe that by saying so he had held Germany strictly accountable. When he issued in 1918 his Fourteen Points, he gave the impression not only to his own country but to the world that he had ready to hand a new order of society which, once the fighting stopped, could be put into happy operation. His grand manner and his gracious speech persuaded people to accept what he said as a sound idea be-

cause it sounded well, and made people accept his phrases as if they were deeds.

II

In playing the rôle of President he also chose to play the rôle of a leader of liberals. He was peculiarly fitted for that rôle by his mind and temperament. He was not assuming a part alien to him, but was magnifying a part wholly congenial. He began and continued as a frankly partisan liberal. He was a party Democrat because he believed the Democratic party was, on the whole, a vehicle for liberalism, while the Republican party was a repository for conservatism if not toryism.

And he had from the start of a public career, even while Governor of New Jersey, the defects as well as the good points of the typical liberal. He was suspicious of all business enterprise and regarded business men, particularly successful business men, as guilty until proved innocent. His book on "The New Freedom" presents the business man as, on the whole, an enemy to social progress. And, like the majority of self-conscious liberals, Mr. Wilson was inclined, if not committed, to pacifism—that is, the doctrine that the chief thing to be desired among nations is not justice but peace. He made this clear by his appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, who announced that while he was in office the Nation would under no circumstances go to war. His nomination of Mr. Daniels as Secretary of the Navy was to the same effect, as was also his appointment later, on Lindley Garrison's resignation, of Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War. President Wilson's liberalism, however, took that form of idealism which does not readily

distinguish between noble aspirations and principles. This led him to inconsistency which he himself seemed not to recognize. The thought of democracy appealed to his emotion, and whatever for the time being thrilled him with that thought he advocated. At one time the bloodshed in Mexico gave him the vision of a people fighting for freedom, and he urged that they be allowed to spill all the blood they pleased; almost exactly a year later revolution was presented to him as an extinguisher of democracy, and he urged that the republics of the Western Hemisphere unite in preventing the very thing which thrilled him the year before.

Throughout his Administration he was recognized as a leader first of the liberals of his own country and later as the leader of the liberals of the world.

III

Intent as he was on the fulfillment of his aspirations, he was kept to his course by his temperament. He had that he himself called "a single-track mind." His critics called it willfulness.

It was not in his nature to discuss any plan on which he had set his heart. He saw few persons, and consulted with few. His habit was to cogitate by himself alone. Many, if not most, of his state papers he wrote on the typewriter in solitude. This was in accordance with his natural disposition, but it was enforced by the habits of the academic life he had led and by his formulated belief that the Executive should be an initiator of policies and legislation, the active and directing head of his party in Congress as the Prime Minister of England is the leader of the Majority in Parliament.

Naturally, with this temperament, this training, and this belief, he chose as his associates men who he believed would follow his orders, or at least whose minds, to use his own phrase, would run along with his. His Cabinet, consequently, was not a strong one. Mr. Garrison, independent, resigned. Mr. McAdoo, another strong character, became his son-in-law and coadjutor. And Mr. Taft, the most able of the Cabinet, was virtually shelved and had little or no access to the President's mind.

Under these circumstances, the President's course was necessarily characterized by secrecy. When he asked his friends or his associates for some action, it was enough that he asked for it. To this day, for example, his reasons for asking for the repeal of the Canal Toll are unknown. It was not that the President had anything to hide, but that he did not relish taking people into his confidence. He did not like to encounter opposition. One result was, therefore, that he did not gain the benefit of the

knowledge that he might have had for the asking. He apparently did not foresee the possibility of the United States becoming involved in the war, though there were thousands who did foresee it and prepared themselves as best they could for it. He did not foresee the collapse of the eastern front through the treachery of the Bolsheviks, for when it came he frankly confessed his disillusionment. He did not foresee the utter failure of his attempt to force the Covenant of the League of Nations upon the country by intertwining it with the Treaty. In these and other instances he took the counsel too much of those who already agreed with him. Conversely, to those who disagreed with him he ascribed ignorance or evil purpose. Business men who did not fall in with his plans he would "hang as high as Haman." The French when they did not fall in with his plans were "militaristic." Opponents of the League he charged with "gross ignorance and impudent audacity." Repeatedly he showed that his absorption in his own plans and purposes prevented him from realizing that there were conflicting plans and purposes in the world not wholly without merit. He was ready to charge others with willfulness without apparently realizing that in some cases that willfulness was a natural reaction of others to his own state of mind.

IV

On coming into the Presidency he found certain circumstances particularly adapted to his purposes. Though he was a minority President, the combined votes for Taft and Roosevelt exceeding those for him, he had behind him an enthusiastic party and a more than acquiescent country.

It was therefore possible for him to get hearty co-operation in his plans for immediate legislation. Of the measures which he secured the greatest was the Federal Reserve Act. This is a lasting monument to the Wilson Administration. Though it originated in plans drawn up by Senator Aldrich and the Commission of which he was the head, it remained a mere proposal as long as the Republicans were in power.

It was a Democratic legislator, Mr. Glass, who superintended the framing of the measure, and it was a Democratic Administration that put it into law. It has saved the people of America from unimaginable hardships and has given to the Nation the financial framework which bore without injury the tremendous shock of the war. People unacquainted with the technique of finance perhaps never realize how much they owe to the Wilson Administration for this one thing.

Under the Wilson Administration

other important measures enacted were the bills providing for an Income Tax, a Tariff Commission and a Federal Trade Commission, the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, and the bills providing for Federal Workmen's Compensation, restricting child labor, and regulating the employment of seamen. These all were in line with the progressive programme. In addition under the Wilson Administration prohibition and woman suffrage were incorporated in the Federal Constitution.

Administratively the Wilson Administration has not as good a record as in legislation. Under it the government of the Philippines has fallen into the hands of landowning Filipinos who have little regard for the welfare of the people of the islands as a whole. In the name of liberalism the liberties of the Filipino peoples have been jeopardized. In Santo Domingo and Haiti American party politics has injured America's reputation as a trustee for dependent peoples. In the diplomatic service there has been an attempt to employ amateurs not always possessed of the amateur spirit. In South and Central America alone no less than twenty-one diplomats were displaced, in spite of long and good service, by "deserving Democrats," who had no knowledge of the language, customs, and habits of the countries to which they were accredited. At home the Administration has tolerated more than its share of incompetence. In particular has the Postal Service suffered in repute. The spirit of disinterested public service which under Roosevelt drew many young men into office, and which suffered discouragement under Taft, has under Wilson had no revival. That spirit is quite incompatible with the extreme partisanship which characterized the entrance of the Democratic party into power to which it had long been a stranger.

V

Whatever may be said of Mr. Wilson's policy in Mexico, it has been productive of no measurable advance in that country towards true liberty or in America towards the position of dignity and self-respect. President Wilson will be remembered as the originator of the phrase "Watchful Waiting," which meant in practice too often waiting without watchfulness. His Administration involved the country twice in war-like expeditions, futile in themselves and solvent of no Mexican problem. On one occasion the expedition was sent to secure a salute from the flag which was never forthcoming, and in the other case to catch a bandit who remained uncaught. Nothing that our Government has done has made American life or property safer across the southern

border. On behalf of President Wilson's Mexican policy it may be said that it at least avoided an entanglement with the problem in Mexico when we needed all our resources for the greater task in Europe.

VI

It is desirable that all the people should follow the President in his foreign policy, but if that is to be the case the President must be able to lead the country. This he has failed to do in his foreign policy. His single-track mind and his habit of solitary action prevented him from working with the people.

There are three respects in which the people during the war really led themselves: Many thousands of them were in the war as individuals on the side of the Allies before the country went in as a whole; when the draft was adopted, they accepted it with substantial unanimity; and when the Government needed money, not only for war but for the aftermath, the people responded directly. Without detracting from the credit that really belongs to the Administration for what it did, it should be recognized that in the war the people themselves very largely took charge. And the facts prove that if the President had led the people from the beginning they would have responded.

It has become customary to say that when the European War broke out America was in no mood or mind to take the part that was rightly hers. The fact is that it was entirely a case of leadership. England was in no mood to go into the war; but she did what was in the line of her duty and of her interest and did it promptly. Germany had miscalculated. She thought English liberalism in the name of peace would permit a German-made and a German-won war. Germany was mistaken about England, but she was right about America. She knew that the pacifists were in control and would, so far as they could exercise their authority, let a German-made war have its way. America was a party to the Hague Treaty and could have notified the belligerents that they would violate that Treaty by violating the neutral territory of Belgium at their peril. In the name of peace, however, the United States Government, instead of acting the part of the just man armed, found excuse for not acting at all.

President Wilson instituted then the policy which he maintained to the end. It was a policy of neutrality, and it was based on the theory that the chief thing to be desired is peace, not justice. Later when he entered the war he did not materially change his policy. His attitude in the war and in the peace

negotiations after was, substantially, that of one aloof from the real purposes, as he conceived them, of the belligerents. Alike before, during, and after America's participation in the war Mr. Wilson's attitude was that of a mediator. While the Germans were committing their atrocities, bombarding undefended towns, pillaging, levying illegal contributions, executing hostages, destroying irreplaceable monuments of art, planting mines in the open sea, and violating every provision of international law which they thought it worth their while to violate, President Wilson acted on the doctrine that it was laudable to be neutral between right and wrong, that we were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war, that Americans should be impartial not only in expression but even in thought. It was his ambition that America should remain apart, fit to be a mediator.

As the belligerent spirit of the American people grew, he did what he could to check it. When the Lusitania was sunk and the Nation was ready to fight, readier in spirit than two years later, he quenched the spirit of the people by his phrase "Too proud to fight." On the very eve of our entrance into war he was urging "peace without victory." The real leaders of public opinion in America, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, whose work in establishing voluntary training camps for officers proved of inestimable service later in the war, President Wilson by every means in his power obstructed.

When at last, however, the people forced the Administration into the war, in spite of the President's re-election on the platform "He kept us out of war," the Administration adopted a great policy. General Enoch Crowder had prepared a plan for a new kind of draft upon the citizens of the country for service in war, and President Wilson, captured by the democratic principles in the measure, made its passage possible by Congress. This act is a monument to the Wilson Administration with which only the Federal Reserve Act is comparable. It will never be forgotten that under the Wilson Administration two million men were sent across the seas and fought beside the French and the British. They were not fighting a war to end war, though that was the Administration's version of their purpose. They were fighting to put an end to a particularly hideous and dangerous form of tyranny and injustice. And while they were fighting, President Wilson as a mediator between the belligerents secured the adoption of a set of terms on which the armistice was finally arranged.

Appealing to the country for support,

but promising that he would abide by the verdict "without cavil," the President suffered a reverse by the defeat of his party at the polls. Nevertheless he went abroad declaring that he had a mandate from the people. He told the people abroad just what that mandate was—that there should be a League of Nations. Then, returning to this country, he told the people here that the people of Europe expected from America the League of Nations, and in order to secure it he had intertwined the League with the Treaty of Peace in such a fashion that it could not be disentangled.

The result is known, and has been known for months. America, given the choice between all and none, has chosen none.

VII

When President Wilson issued his Fourteen Points and after the country had had a chance to consider them, Theodore Roosevelt said that they would prove mischievous. The event has shown that Mr. Roosevelt was right.

These Fourteen Points were received all over the world as a new charter of liberty and democracy, each people, even the Germans, declaring them to be their own ideal. Before the end of the war Mr. Wilson negotiated with the Central Powers through an interchange of notes for a peace on the basis of those Fourteen Points, and when the armistice was finally arranged it was, with the exception of Point Two, concerning the freedom of the seas, based on these points. In the meantime Mr. Wilson was held everywhere as the deliverer of the world and a bringer of a golden age. But before the Peace Conference was well under way it soon became evident that each of the peoples interpreted those Fourteen Points in its own way. The Jugoslavs believed that it meant Fiume for Jugoslavia, Italy believed that it meant Fiume for Italy. On all sides there came to be distrust and fear lest the Fourteen Points should be abandoned, each nation believing that the abandonment of its own aspiration meant the abandonment of those principles on which the peace had been arranged. The Germans themselves argued that they were not morally bound by the terms of the treaty because in making the peace the Allied and Associated Powers had repudiated their terms made through Mr. Wilson and acquiesced in by the Governments of the several nations. The Germans assert that they surrendered not to force of arms but to American honor—and that American honor is abandoned. This is the consequence of ending the war by negotiations rather than by an indisputable victory at arms and unconditional surrender. To that extent the

peace is Mr. Wilson's "peace without victory." It has left all the nations each with the feeling that it has been in some way hoodwinked.

Moreover, the liberals of the world who once recognized Mr. Wilson as their leader have now very largely repudiated him because they believed that in order to secure the League of Nations, on which he had set his heart, he sacrificed the Fourteen Points, and with them his ideals. This belief is made the more plausible by the fact that Mr. Wilson took with him to Europe a great party of experts who engaged in drawing

boundaries, adjusting here, compromising there, and in general involving America in the multitudinous details of territorial disputes in which she had no concern. The fact is that it is not necessary to conclude that Mr. Wilson consciously sacrificed any ideal or yielded any of his Fourteen Points. They were sufficiently vague to cover almost any arrangement. The turmoil in which the world still finds itself was in the womb of a peace by negotiation.

Seeking his own way with singleness of purpose, discouraged by criticism, and therefore disinclined to consider other

points of view than his own, responsive to the emotional appeal of every ideal that at the time seemed to him to be high and noble, practical to the point of astuteness in forwarding the interests of his party and of any group with which he agreed, impractical in testing his ideals by facts or by principles, so devoted to the cause of peace as often to neglect the cause of justice, ambitious for his country, jealous of the dignity of great office that he held, Woodrow Wilson will be remembered as the President who sought peace without victory and found a peace of misunderstanding.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET

MR. HUGHES, President Harding's Secretary of State, is fifty-eight years old. He is a graduate of Brown University. He is a Baptist. He practiced and taught law in New York City. In 1905 he began for the New York State Legislature the insurance investigation which gave him National repute. He served two terms as Governor of New York State and six years as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In 1916 he was Republican candidate for the Presidency. Since then he has practiced law in New York City and has conducted a Government aircraft investigation. While, unfortunately, Mr. Hughes has had no official intimacy with foreign affairs, his great distinction as a jurist, and particularly his constructive criticism of the League of Nations, has made him favorably known abroad.

Regret has been expressed that most of the men in the new Cabinet lack large experience in administrative and legislative office. At the present writing the members already selected for the Cabinet, according to official announcement, are Hughes, Hoover, Denby, Daugherty, and Weeks, but the hints are authoritative that the remaining appointments will be Mellon to the Treasury, Hays to the Postmastership, Fall to the Interior Department, Wallace to Agriculture, and either Davis, Duncan, or O'Connor to the Secretaryship of Labor.

Of these men, Wallace, Hoover, and Hughes are probably most sympathetic to Republican Progressives, but Fall and Hays are not unsympathetic. The other men belong rather to the conservative wing of the party. Mr. Hoover will be next to the youngest member in the Cabinet. Mr. Hays is forty-one years old and Mr. Hoover forty-six. Mr. Hoover was born in Iowa and educated at Stanford University, in California. He quickly obtained wide repute as a mining engineer, but it was not until the outbreak of the war that he obtained world repute. In 1914, in London, he organized the American Committee of Relief. From 1915 to 1918 he was Chairman of the Belgian Relief Committee, and from 1917 to 1919 was United States Food Administrator. Since then he has

been at the head of the American Relief Administration and the European Relief Council. In managing these immense activities Mr. Hoover has clearly seen the dangers both of duplication of work and of assigning to any bureau some task unrelated to its general endeavor. Hence when, a long time ago, Mr. Harding asked him to accept a Cabinet office, Mr. Hoover told him that the Cabinet offices were full of these unrelated and duplicating jobs and that he would insist on a rearrangement of bureaus. As to duplication Mr. Hoover may well inquire, for instance, whether he or the Secretary of State is going to look after the needs of American business abroad. The State Department has its consuls; the Commerce Department its commercial attachés. They should be united in one service.

Aside from this suggested change, the State Department is comparatively free from unrelated bureaus. But when we come to the second Department in the official executive list, that of the Treasury, we are confronted with the fact that its Secretary is the head not only of all purely fiscal offices, but also of such miscellaneous bureaus as that of the Supervising Architect, the Public Health Service, and the Coast Guard, the last named uniting the old Revenue Cutter Service and the Life Saving Service. What is more, the Secretary of the Treasury is the head of the tax levying and collecting forces. As he appoints the Internal Revenue Collector, and the Internal Revenue Collector has heretofore appointed the Federal Prohibition Enforcement officer, Mr. Mellon might be expected to be the chief National authority for enforcing Prohibition. He is on record as saying that though not in favor originally of National prohibition, he would not now have it repealed. It is announced, however, that enforcement of prohibition will be transferred to the Attorney-General's office.

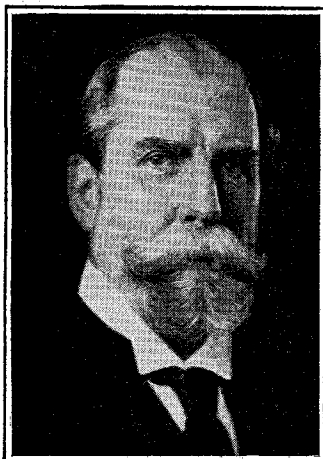
Mr. Mellon, probably chosen as the new Secretary of the Treasury, is known through his building of the first independent pipe line in opposition to the Standard Oil monopoly. He is now

nearly seventy years old, and has long been a great power in the industrial and financial life of western Pennsylvania. He is reputed to be many times a millionaire.

Harry M. Daugherty is Mr. Harding's lifelong friend and boomer, and his selection for Attorney-General has been more adversely criticised than has that of any nominee. Mr. Daugherty has been a hard hitter, and during his life of sixty-one years has met many an antagonist on the political field where he has been more active than in his own profession of law. But Senator Harding, who knows him probably as intimately as any one, says that he is a fine lawyer and will make a great Attorney-General. We shall see. Mr. Daugherty has served in the Ohio Legislature and in 1912 was Chairman of the State Republican Committee. Last year at the Chicago Convention he was Mr. Harding's campaign manager. He has long been a manager in the course of Mr. Harding's political advance. No wonder that Senator Harding feels grateful to him, and also a little anxious lest the country should think that it is going to suffer from what it deems the payment of a private debt.

The appointment of Mr. Hays as Postmaster-General is also a frank recognition of a political debt. But the nomination has properly not met with such adverse criticism as has that of Mr. Daugherty. Mr. Hays first attained his prominence in Indiana politics, where his success drew the attention of those National Republican leaders who were anxious for the conciliation of the two wings of the party and for efficiency in the management of National campaigns. They made Hays Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and in this position he achieved undoubted success. He is an Indian by birth, education, profession, and political suppleness.

For Secretary of the Interior it is expected that President Harding will choose Senator Fall, of New Mexico. Mr. Fall is a native of Kentucky. He is fifty-nine years old. He was educated at country schools. He has worked as



(C) Harris & Ewing

CHARLES E. HUGHES

once Governor of New York and former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is Mr. Harding's Secretary of State



Paul Thompson

ANDREW W. MELLON

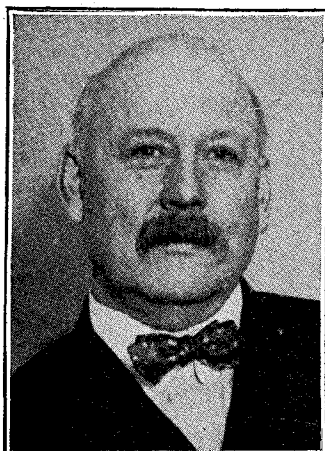
Pittsburgh banker, prominent in the development of coal, coke, and iron enterprises, may be Secretary of the Treasury



Bain

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

of Ohio, despite opposition, has been named Attorney-General. Mr. Harding prophesies that Mr. Daugherty will "make good"



(C) Keystone

JOHN W. WEEKS

Formerly United States Senator from Massachusetts and graduate of the United States Naval Academy, is Secretary of War



Bain

EDWIN DENBY

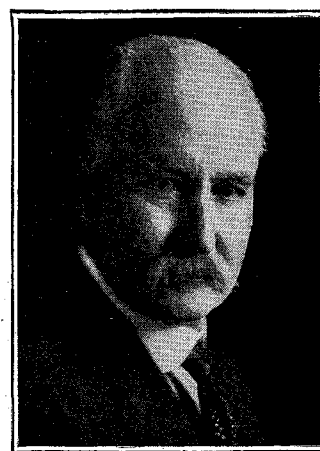
of Michigan, son of a former Minister to China, succeeds to the stormy post of Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy



(C) Paul Thompson

WILL H. HAYS

Indiana lawyer and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is expected to un-Burlesonize the mails as Postmaster-General



(C) Harris & Ewing

ALBERT B. FALL

United States Senator from New Mexico, former farmer, ranchman, and miner, may be Secretary of the Interior



Bain

HERBERT HOOVER

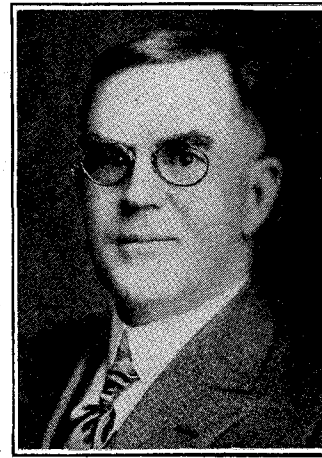
of California, engineer, former United States Food Administrator, and prominent in European relief measures, is Secretary of Commerce



International

JAMES J. DAVIS

of Pennsylvania, born in Wales, son of a tinplate puddler, President of the Loyal Order of Moose, may be Secretary of Labor



Bain

HENRY C. WALLACE

of Iowa, publisher and editor of "Wallace's Farmer," former Professor of Dairying at Iowa State College, may be Secretary of Agriculture

PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET

farmer, rancher, miner, lawyer. He served in the New Mexico Legislature and as Associate Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court. He is particularly well known by reason of his constant interest in Mexico. It is assumed that he will influence the new Cabinet towards a firmer and more drastic Mexican policy.

Closely associated in function with the Department of the Interior is the Department of Agriculture. As Secretary of that Department Mr. Harding's choice of Henry Cantwell Wallace, of Iowa, meets with well-nigh universal approval. Mr. Wallace is fifty-four years old. He had a collegiate education and is widely known as the editor of "Wallace's Farmer."

The appointment of the Secretary of War goes to ex-Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, the author of the famous Weeks Law, which provides for the Government's annual acquirement of forested watersheds on navigable streams—one of the wisest measures ever passed by Congress. Mr. Weeks is a native of New Hampshire but a resident of Massachusetts. He is sixty years old. He is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and he served some years as midshipman. Then he went into banking in Boston and made a success of it. He served for ten years in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade and also during the Spanish War in the Volunteer Navy. He spent six years in the House of Representatives and six in the Senate. In 1916 he was a Presidential candidate and received 105 votes in the Republican Convention.

After Governor Lowden, of Illinois, had declined Senator Harding's offer of the Navy portfolio on the ground that he was not sufficiently conversant with navy affairs, Mr. Harding turned to Edwin Denby, of Michigan. In the Spanish War Mr. Denby served as gunner's mate on the U. S. S. Yosemite, which was manned entirely by the Detroit Naval Reserve under the command of Truman Newberry (Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt Administration). The Yosemite took part in the Santiago campaign. At our declaration of war in 1917 Mr. Denby, forty-seven years old, gave up his law practice and, using every influence, was finally allowed to enlist as a plain private in the Marine Corps. He was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, for training. There he had to scrub floors and polish windows, push hand-carts laden with oyster shells for road building, and stand in a long "chow line" waiting for mess, together with buddies of half his age. He was markedly popular. He was made non-commissioned officer and finally promoted to major. Mr. Denby has served six years in Congress, where he was member of the Naval Committee of the House, and thus became familiar with naval affairs. All who have talked with him must have carried away with them the impression of a big, human, intelligent personality. More than any other Republican conservative, Denby redeemed the reputation of the "Cannon

crowd." The choice of Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy fulfills the American Legion's aspirations to have one of its members in the Cabinet. Mr. Denby's father was our well-known Minister to China. There the son gained an intimate knowledge of the Far East—in fact, he began his workaday life by serving ten years in the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. Then he went to Detroit, began the practice of law, and later the manufacture of automobiles in addition. His first assistant will be Theodore Roosevelt, son of the former President—the third Roosevelt to serve as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The most disputed position as to candidates at this writing is that of the Secretary of Labor. Among the names mentioned for this office are (1) James John Davis, of Pittsburgh, a Welshman by birth, a puddler in the Pennsylvania steel mills, a man who was active with the Steel Workers' Union. He is now a banker and the head of the Loyal Order of Moose. (2) James Duncan, of Massachusetts, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor and a member of the American Mission to Russia in 1917. He successfully led the strike in the granite-cutting industry for an eight-hour day. (3) T. V. O'Connor, of New York, President of the International Longshoremen's Association.

It is impossible to withhold all judgment with regard to a Cabinet until it has been tested by its conduct of affairs. If the men who compose it are known to the public, their past acts form some basis of judgment; and, to the extent that they are unknown, that fact in itself makes some estimate of their ability and their representative character inevitable. The country already knows two of the men as well as any public men are likely ever to be known. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover have already made their impression upon the public mind. Each of these two is counted among the real leaders of America. Both of them have at times been somewhat aloof from the center of political conflict, and both have incurred to some degree the distrust of practical politicians; but both are respected and trusted by the people at large.

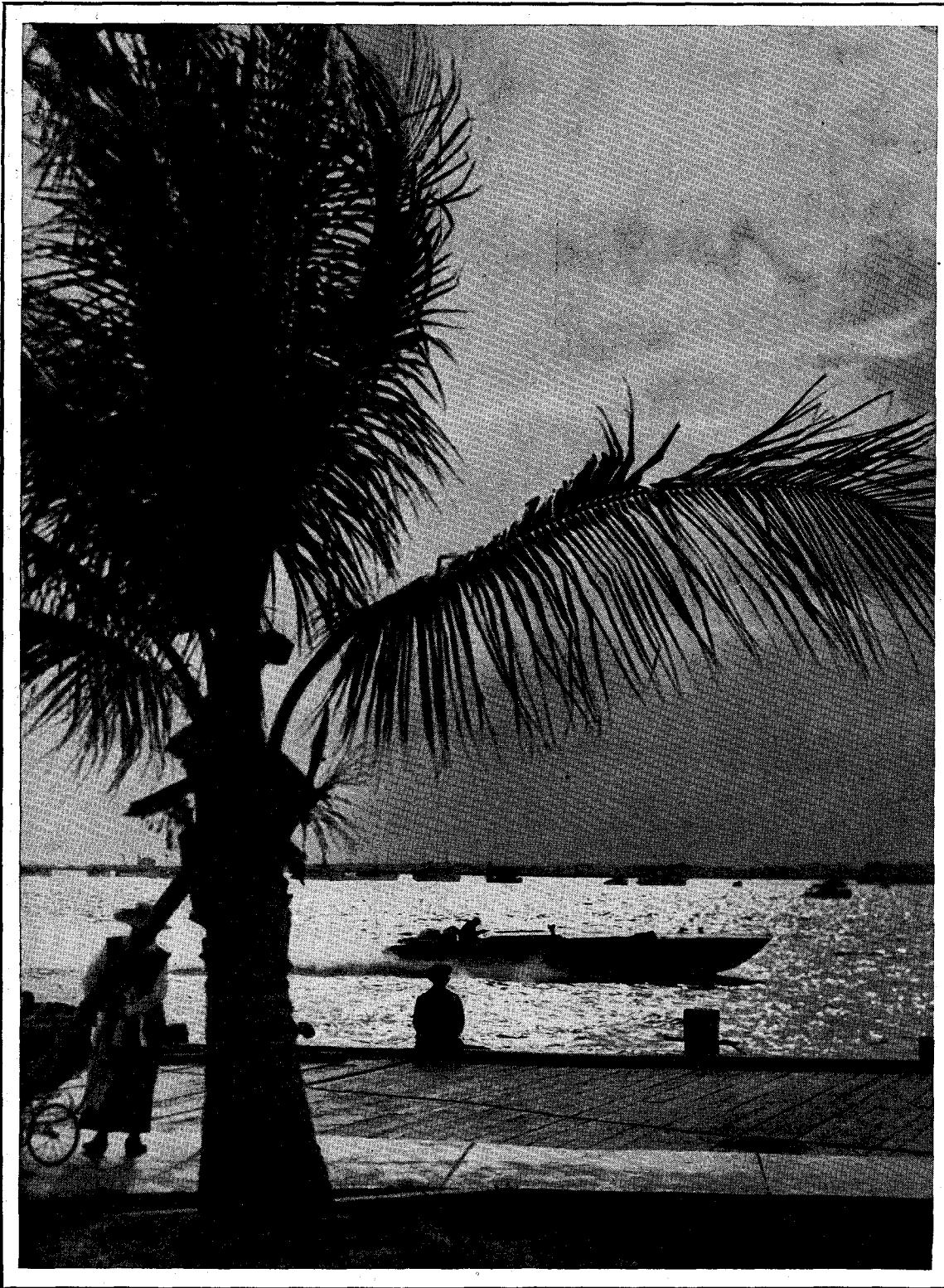
Mr. Hughes will be welcome to the Cabinet because he will bring to the conduct of the Government and particularly of its foreign affairs that knowledge of the law which is needed particularly at a time of reconstruction. Mr. Hoover will be welcome because he will bring to the Government his organizing power when reorganization is needed, will exert a sane and healthful influence on our labor and foreign problems, concerning both of which he has expert knowledge, and will inspire confidence at home and abroad at a time when confidence is perhaps above all things needed to bring order out of chaos. Mr. Harding has to acquire general confidence; Mr. Hoover has it already.

On the whole, however, the Cabinet should not be judged until it has had time to act. A President cannot be

wholly free to choose the men he would personally prefer to be his advisers. He is not altogether free to choose for each place the man of all men in the country fittest to perform its duties. There are many factors that must enter into the selection. Besides his own personal preference the President must consider the public estimate. He is not acting for himself but for the Nation, and he must choose men who not only are capable in themselves but must be able to prove to the public that they are capable. He is acting also for his party. He must recognize that for his success or failure his party will be held responsible, and he must therefore share with his party the choice of the men who will serve with him. To this extent he must allow in his selection of Cabinet members some consideration of party politics. It is universally recognized that a Democratic President would not be justified in selecting a Cabinet of Republicans or a Republican a Democratic Cabinet, even though they might surpass in individual ability any set of men of his own party he could choose. And the President must consider also groups within his own party. A Cabinet wholly conservatively minded cannot fairly represent a party pre-eminently progressive. The President, moreover, in himself represents the whole country, and he must not forget that the whole country should also be represented in his Cabinet. He must take geography into account. He has furthermore to recognize that he is not merely selecting a certain number of individuals but is also constituting a team. He must select, therefore, men who can reasonably be expected to work together. Finally, he is limited in his selection to men who will accept.

In view of these varied considerations, therefore, and in spite of some disappointment, Mr. Harding's Cabinet, as it is supposed to be constituted just before his inauguration, has made on the whole a favorable impression. One name which many will miss with regret we are not wholly sorry to see omitted from the list of Cabinet appointments. General Leonard Wood has all the technical and personal qualifications for the highest place in the Government, but he has particularly been considered as ideally constituted for the post of Secretary of War. To put him in charge of that department, however, would have been to create problems originating in his relations with the Army as an officer. The tradition of putting a civilian in the War Department is sound from that as well as other points of view. There are posts of equal honor, and in some respects of greater importance, for which General Wood can be selected. As the greatest colonial governor of our times and as a man of much diplomatic skill because of his great sympathy and frankness he can, and we hope he will, serve the Nation in high public office. If Mr. Harding's future appointments are to be on the plane of his appointments to the Cabinet, the country has a right to expect an Administration which will be efficient and may even be great.

SUNSHINE AND PALM TREES



Underwood

MOTOR BOAT CONTESTS ON SOUTHERN WATERS

This pleasant semi-tropical scene is at Miami, Florida, where a series of speed boat championship races have been recently held. The boat in the picture is the Orlo II, which made a world's record for boats of its class

WOMEN OF THREE RACES



International

AN INFLUENTIAL INDIAN WOMAN

Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, pictured above in her tribal raiment, is prominent in Washington as an advocate of the interests of her people, the Sioux tribe of Indians



Underwood

THE FIRST LADY OF MEXICO

Señora Obregon (at the right) is the wife of Mexico's President. Her two youngest children are in the foreground, while one of her friends is at the left

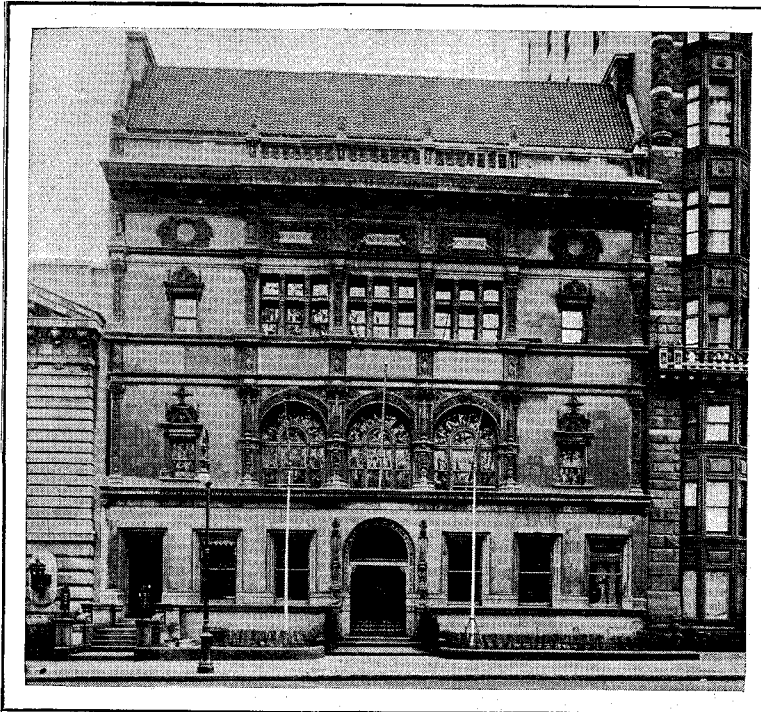


(C) Keystone

SORROWING WOMEN—ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES OF THE STRIFE IN IRELAND

The elderly woman in the photograph is Mrs. Despard, a sister of Lord French. She is trying to console the three Irish girls, whose brother, it is stated, was shot during the night and whose mother died of shock and grief

A FAMOUS PICTURE GALLERY



THE FINE ARTS BUILDING

Home of the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, and the Art Students' League of New York

THE galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, are known to every New Yorker who loves pictures or sculpture and to thousands of visitors from other parts of the country. For years this building has housed the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Architectural League as well as the schools of the Art Students' League. The finest exhibition room of the building is known as the Vanderbilt Gallery.

On January 30, 1920, these galleries were destroyed by fire, a calamity deplored by every artist, amateur, and art student in the city. But, fortunately, they have been now rebuilt on the main lines of the original plan but in a more substantial manner and with better lighting, and they were reopened to the public on March 5, when the National Academy of Design began its ninety-first annual Exhibition.

There are some interesting and amusing incidents connected with the origin of the Fine Arts Building which were related to a representative of The Outlook the other day by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, the well-known landscape painter and first President of the American Fine Arts Society. The idea of the building originated in 1889 at a basement eating-place on West Fifty-fourth Street kept by one Madame Harral, and frequented by a small group of artists, all of whom had studied in Europe. Their vigorous technique had not been approved by the more conventional exhibition managers of the time, so they had to give their picture shows wherever they could find a place. A prospectus was drawn up; a committee of

ten was appointed to carry out the plan; Mr. Butler was elected chairman; and then the artists fled out of the room, leaving their astonished and dismayed chairman to put it into effect.

One day Mr. Butler joined Mr. George Vanderbilt on Fifth Avenue. Before the walk was over, Mr. Vanderbilt offered to be one of eight to give five thousand dollars.

Then began an onslaught on the millionaires of New York. Mr. Butler's plan was to write to some Mæcenas in the morning, asking the privilege of an interview at his residence that evening—the messenger could bring back the reply. Whenever a favorable reply was received, Mr. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. Eastman Johnson, the distinguished painters, would join him, and all three would appear at the appointed time.

The giver of five thousand dollars was to be known as a Founder. From one to five thousand dollars would constitute him a Patron. Mr. Beckwith would make an eloquent appeal, Mr. Butler would explain all the details and state that the money would not be handled by the artists but by the Trustees of the Gift Fund, who were Mr. Henry G. Marquand, chairman; Mr. Edward D. Adams, treasurer; and Messrs. Cyrus J. Lawrence, George W. Vanderbilt, and James A. Garland.

These names generally made a great impression, and when Eastman Johnson said, "It's a grand scheme," that settled it and a gift was generally forthcoming. But few were willing to give as much as five thousand dollars. Many preferred the more modest title of "Patron" to that of "Founder," and when the eight Founders had been secured the Gift

Fund aggregated about seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. Butler had an amusing time with Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He went alone to his house on Fifty-first Street, with a card of introduction. "Come upstairs," said Mr. Carnegie, "and explain your plan to Bob Ingersoll."

In the library Mr. Butler found Mr. Ingersoll studying the plans of the Carnegie Music Hall, then in process of erection. The problem under discussion was what to do with the upper floor, above the ceiling of the auditorium—an immense space divided by great girders.

"Put your Fine Arts Building on top of my Music Hall," said Mr. Carnegie, "and I will give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Butler, "we want to walk into our galleries on the ground floor."

"Then," said the Ironmaster, "I won't give you a cent."

When the Fifty-seventh Street property was acquired, Mr. Carnegie wrote, congratulating the Fine Arts Society on its excellent purchase, but he did not believe that it could be made to pay. On the strength of this letter Mr. Butler made another appeal for a Founder's subscription, but Mr. Carnegie held that he could not consistently break his word—he had said "not a cent."

Later, when the corner-stone was to be laid, Mr. Carnegie was asked to make a speech.

"I'll not only make one," he replied, "but I'll bring Sir Edwin Arnold, who is staying with me, and we'll get him to make one." Both made excellent addresses.

The next time Mr. Butler appealed to Mr. Carnegie he still held that he could not break his word by giving money. "But here," he said, "are five Coke bonds—they are not money."

A few days elapsed, and again Mr. Butler appeared, and said he had some bonds he wanted to sell.

"What are they?" asked Mr. Carnegie. "Coke Company," said Mr. Butler.

"They're a good bond, aren't they?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"I think so," replied Mr. Butler.

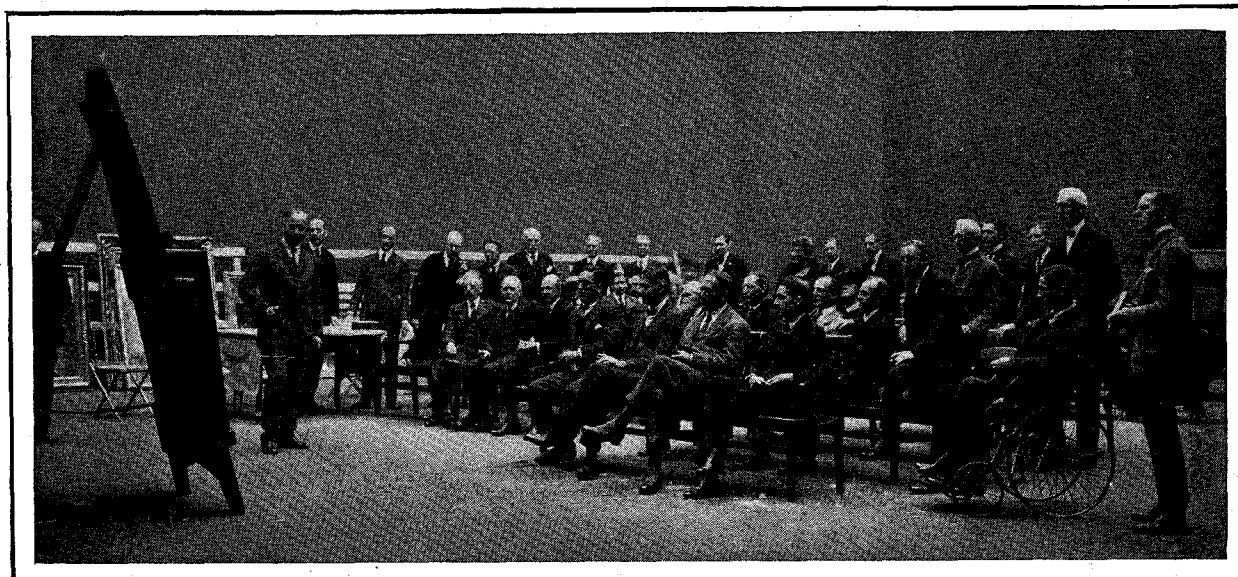
"What do you ask for them?"

"Par."

"All right; I'll take them, they're in my line," and Mr. Carnegie drew and handed over a check.

There was a wink and a smile in Mr. Carnegie's eye and a smile on Mr. Butler's face as he walked out with the check for five thousand dollars.

The land on which the building and its galleries now stand, extending from Fifty-seventh Street to Fifty-eighth Street, was finally bought, but the Fine Arts Society had money enough only to build the main structure on Fifty-seventh Street. Even this much was made possible only by Mr. Vanderbilt's generous consent to buy from the Society the lots on Fifty-eighth Street, the money being put into the main structure.



Photograph taken especially for The Outlook

THE JURY OF ARTISTS SELECTING PICTURES FOR THE 1921 EXHIBITION IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY

A group of art patrons, headed by Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, now took an active interest and offered to get up a loan exhibition for the benefit of the Society. It was proposed to hold a series of exhibitions in the small galleries of the Fine Arts Society, which were nearing completion. Mr. Garland offered his textiles, many offered pictures, and Mr. George Vanderbilt offered his Rembrandt paintings and English mezzotints. But the space was very small, and Mr. Vanderbilt expressed his willingness to allow a temporary gallery to be erected on his fifty-eighth Street property, against the back of the Society's galleries.

Mr. Butler suggested that a permanent gallery could be built for little more than the cost of a temporary one. Mr. Vanderbilt asked how much.

"I'll find out," said Mr. Butler.

"My recollection," said Mr. Butler, "is that it was a Thursday, and Mr. Vanderbilt was to leave for Japan the following Tuesday; that the plans of the George Vanderbilt Gallery were drawn and the estimates were in by Monday morning. Never did architects and con-

tractors work harder. The plans were unrolled on Mr. Vanderbilt's table Monday noon; but, alas! the estimate—\$72,000—was too large, and Mr. Vanderbilt declined.

"How much would you have been willing to spend?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Not over \$50,000."

"If I can get it done for that, will you consent?" asked Mr. Butler.

To make a long story short, the gallery was built for a trifle less than \$50,000. Mr. Vanderbilt was gone a long time, and on his return he found the Fine Arts Building completed and the loan exhibition, including his own treasures, in progress.

The sequel was most gratifying.

When Mr. Vanderbilt called for the account, the statement showed that land and building (with taxes and interest) had come to \$99,535.80. He drew a check for \$464.20, making an exact \$100,000. He then drew a second check to the order of the Gift Fund Trustees for \$100,000, to be spent in the purchase from him of the Vanderbilt Gallery for the American Fine Arts Society.

The annual dinner of the Architectural League was to be held in the Vanderbilt Gallery that night, and Mr. Vanderbilt was a guest. When the announcement was made that the Vanderbilt Gallery belonged to the Fine Arts Society, the applause was overwhelming.

The American Fine Arts Society is a kind of holding corporation which makes no profits but collects sufficient rents from the schools and exhibitors that use the building to meet the mortgage interest and pay the running expenses of the building. There are no taxes, for the New York Legislature by a special act in 1895 made the property, which is maintained for the public benefit, tax free. But interest and running expenses have been increased by the fire, and the mortgage now amounts to \$250,000. This has increased the rent burden of the exhibiting societies and schools, and thus considerably restricts their work in educating artists and cultivating a public taste in the fine arts. Mr. Butler hopes that some patron or patrons of art will appear to remove this difficulty.

THE ETERNAL COLUMBUS

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

HAVE been on a voyage of discovery within the four walls of the laboratory of a great industrial chemist. You will not find his name in "Who's Who;" I doubt whether more than a handful of Outlook readers would recognize it if I gave it here. Yet this chemist by his inventive genius and unstinting research has revolutionized the standards of an industry which enters into the economics of almost every business and almost every home. A small group of fellow-scientists he known as the greatest authority in the world in his particular field. To

the general public he is less known than many authors of mediocre sonnets.

His laboratory was a large, airy room lighted on three sides and located on the top floor of a factory building in New York City. At one end an electric oven occupied a prominent place. The rear wall of the room was covered with serried ranks of bottles filled with mysterious chemicals and liquids which doubtless spoke to the initiated eye of various experiments in progress towards completion. Along the front wall stood a bench occupied by Bunsen burners, an apparatus for fractional distillation, and

delicate scales securely protected from the dust by glass casings. The center of the room was filled with tables covered with bottles, test-tubes, and assorted paraphernalia. As a source of literary material the room appeared to be about as fertile a field as a well-arranged drug store. Parenthetically, it might be added that Keats began life as a druggist's assistant.

I had sat for perhaps a half an hour watching my friend, the chemist, at work when this genie of ten thousand bottles turned to me and said: "By the way, I have a report in my pocket

which may interest you, though I don't suppose that you will understand much of what it is all about. It is a technical report of an experiment which an assistant of mine recently carried to a successful completion. But I think you may like to see it, for it is an excellent example of scientific research."

He drew the report from his pocket and laid it on the desk at which I sat. I am not quite sure whether he gave it to me in any real hope of arousing my interest or whether he was merely taking a tactful way of securing time for his work uninterrupted by my desultory conversation. In either case, I fell in with his purpose and retired to a convenient corner and began to read.

The report which he gave me covered, if I remember correctly, some twenty pages of typewritten manuscript. At least six or seven of these pages were filled with cabalistic symbols as meaningless to me as Chinese ideographs. Much of the rest of the report was filled with scientific jargon concerning the genealogy of chemical compounds which appeared even less interesting at first sight than the "begat" chapters of the Old Testament. The only literary merit which I have been able to discover in those "begat" chapters is that of terseness—something which many writers, including myself, can well afford to cultivate.

But I glanced hastily through the twenty pages of single spacing, and then settled back for a more thorough reading. You may not believe it, but I did not lift my eyes from the report again until I had finished the last line on page 20. When I had finished, I threw the report on the table and called out to my friend: "It may be written in a foreign tongue, but it is one of the most romantic detective stories I ever read." But I am getting ahead of my story.

The first page of the report showed me that its author was a writer as well as a scientist. He wasted no words, yet he left out nothing which was essential. If I had only had the key to those cabalistic symbols of his, what a vivid understanding I would have had of the process which he was describing! It was my ignorance, and not any fault of his, that left me at times floundering in a Sargasso Sea of scientific phraseology. But here is his story as I found it, stripped of the things I could not understand.

In chemistry there are certain elements useful to the scientist for, shall I say, the moral influence which they have over other elements. By themselves they may be of little value; combine them with other materials, and they have an effect out of all relation to their proportionate weight in the final combination. They are, metaphorically speaking, the straws without which bricks cannot be made. It appeared from the opening paragraph of the report that the great industry in which my friend was employed had depended for fifty years upon a time-honored formula for the preparation of one of

these "straws." For fifty years this formula had been handed down in the trade as an axiom of this particular field of industrial chemistry, and a half century reaches back into ancient history so far as modern industry is concerned. Now a chemist with an inventive turn of mind is less inclined than most people to accept something without question because it has always been so accepted. So it happened that my friend had turned this particular formula over to his assistant to study and improve upon.

Do you remember the impression you received when the first story of Sherlock Holmes came under your eye? Do you remember how Conan Doyle's detective, with Dr. Watson for a foil, outlined and developed the problem confronting him for solution? Conan Doyle knew when he wrote those opening paragraphs what the solution of his problem would be. He could, at will, introduce clues real and false to create suspense in the reader's mind. It is easy enough to prove to an expectant reader that a man is a clerk because the cuff of his right sleeve is worn threadbare, particularly when you know in advance that he is a clerk. There are tricks in all trades, and foreknowledge of what is to happen is one of the most useful tricks of the trade of writing detective stories.

But my friend's assistant had no such recourse open to him. His detective work was real and not an *ex post facto* imitation of astuteness. Clues he had, but they were not of his own manufacture. He knew what had been done in the past, he had hopes of what he might be able to do in the future, and that was the end of the material available for him to work upon.

He started his report with a cold and precise analysis of the situation. Here were such and such elements to be introduced into such and such a product to produce such and such results. But he did not accept the beliefs of the past as proved, by any means. He took apart the old process, which he hoped to be able to discard, as a skilled watchmaker takes apart a ship's chronometer, tracing and proving the effect of temperature, recording the time of the various operations which had been regarded as essential to the end in view, checking and counter-checking his data by the use of substitute materials, picking his way as the pilot of a vessel picks his way through unknown waters. He was, in fact, the perfect skeptic—a man who disbelieves what he does not know, not from a desire to ridicule the truth, but from a desire to find the truth.

When he had finished this process, he discovered that one great industry had "known" a number of things which were not so. The rule-of-thumb method of the past had been followed blindly for years because it had been supposed that the real results of this method were definitely known. Perhaps that is why this particular process had shown no development in half a century.

At the end of his first series of experi-

ments this young chemist possessed a definite foundation upon which to continue his further research. He started his work all over again, using materials which his previous research had indicated as probably of value for that purpose which he had in mind. The labor of weeks and months appeared in the report in the guise of formulæ which covered less than a dozen lines of space. I say the labor of weeks and months, though I do not know how long he worked. To judge by the restraint and compression of his style, he was not a man inclined to waste space in literary non-essentials. Yet his matter-of-fact phrases brought to me a picture of eager hours in the laboratory, nights in which he lay awake striving to reduce to fact illusive theories, days of discouragement, and moments of achievement. There are times when the best way to tell a story fully is not to tell it at all.

It is not easy to convey the impression which that report made upon my mind, or why, when I came to his concluding sentence, "By the process which I now suggest the product can be greatly improved, an element hitherto regarded as essential entirely eliminated, the time of manufacture cut in half, and the cost reduced by thirty-nine per cent," I felt like jumping from my chair and shouting, "Eureka!"

The appeal of the report lay in the obvious fact that this particular chemist was above all things an artist. His work was to him as much of an adventure as the discovery of a tribe of blond Eskimos was to Stefansson. Only, instead of a dog-sledge and rifle, the chemist set out into the unknown with a crucible and microscope. There is a cosmos in every microcosm, and he had found it.

I do not think that those whose talk is of books, plays, and concertos realize how much of the artistic impulse there is in the world which they are too prone to dismiss with a slighting reference to "mere business." Americans have been too often charged with being money-grubbers. As a matter of fact, most men who have been condemned as money-grubbers are really poets with a wrong understanding of what should constitute the true measure of achievement. Their real impulse has been to do rather than to accumulate. In our ill-balanced civilization we have given unequal rewards for certain types of doing—too little to the scientist, too little to the artist, too much to masters of money, and much too much to the purveyor of other men's brains. But, with it all, we may not be so far from the spirit of the time when

No one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working,

as we are commonly supposed to be. What we need is a readjustment of our measures of success rather than a change in the motive which urges men to high adventure along the pathways of molecules and stars.

VENDETTAS OF THE MARSH

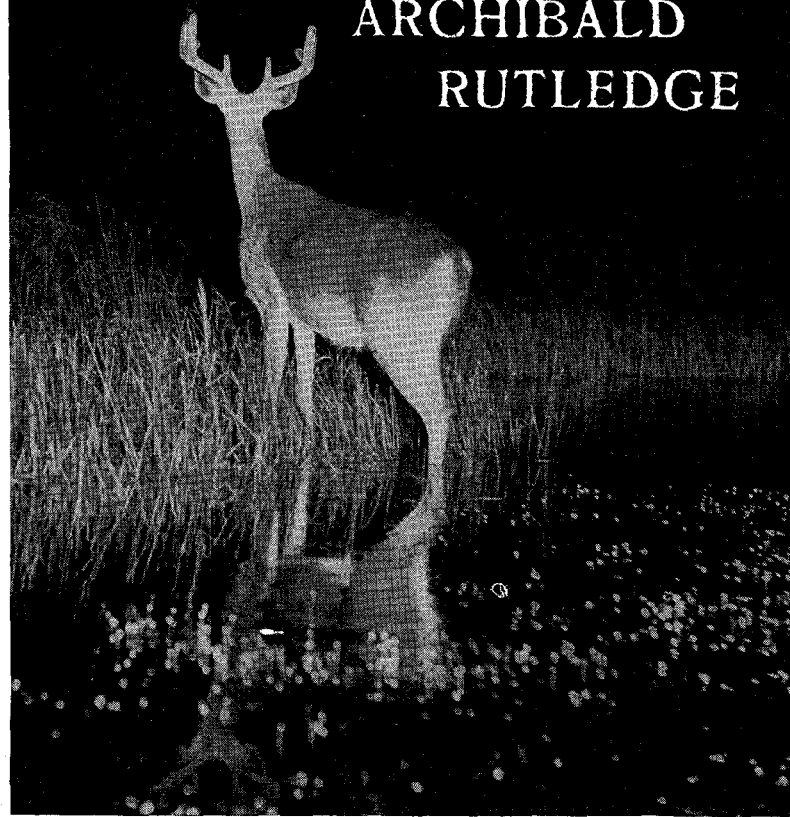
BY

ARCHIBALD
RUTLEDGE

STANDING on the mainland shore of Washoe Plantation and looking eastward over the vast expanse of Blake's Marsh, it seemed to me that I had never viewed a scene that appeared so peaceful, so full of the charm of quiet solitude. For three miles, to where the dark outline of Murphy's Island rose, the reedland extended; it was solitary, shimmering, silent. Here and there in its green waste there were small hummocks or clumps of myrtle and red cedar, and through the marsh wound salt creeks of many sizes, but all alike in their mazy wanderings and in the nature of their ministrations. Marsh and creek and hummock and distant barrier island—all lay in dreamy peace in the mellow sunshine of mid-December. But for the inhabitants of the marsh there is no peace; for perhaps in no situation does wild life find itself more constantly hunting or hunted; and I know of no other place that can approach Blake's Marsh for the number and the fury of the vendettas waged there. If anywhere, nature is there "red in tooth and claw."

Nowhere on the Atlantic seaboard is there a stretch of marsh larger or more beautiful than this one; since it is controlled by a hunting club with rigorous laws protecting game, nowhere to my knowledge is wild life more abundant or more interesting in its variety. In other marshlands along that region of the Southern coast much of the wild life has disappeared; but here it is probably as abundant as it was in the days of Columbus. At least Nature exercises the same balancing power now as she did then, and as she always does when the hand of man does not disturb her laws.

But fearful are the lives of Nature's children who live under her code. This I had impressed upon me soon after I had taken the sandy causeway that led into the marsh. I had come perhaps three hundred yards from the mainland shore, and had stopped under a scrub pine to watch a flock of some forty willets on an oyster bank bordering a salt creek. At a near-by bend I saw a pair of mallards, their plumage gleaming in the sunlight, drifting idly upon the placid waters. I thought of their coming to this winter home at the mouth of the Santee. They had flown a thousand miles or more to reach this spot, and doubtless had escaped all the dangers of Bryant's "Waterfowl." But even here, in this most remote and peaceful creek, they were not safe; and they knew it probably better than I did. Yet it was I who first saw their arch-enemy. Low over the marsh, in his leisurely, lordly way, swept a bald eagle. In that region, where there is considerable hunting, the



"THE MARSH HAS BEEN, TIME OUT OF MIND, A SANCTUARY FOR HUNTED DEER. SOMETIMES THEY COME ALL THE WAY FROM WAMBRAW SWAMP, ELEVEN MILES AWAY, TO TAKE REFUGE HERE IN THIS STRANGE SOLITUDE"

eagle subsists in the winter chiefly upon crippled ducks and upon dead ones that sportsmen have not found. But to catch an unwounded wild duck is for the bald eagle an easy and pleasant pastime. By a fatally sure instinct, the great bird directed his flight toward the bend in the creek; ducks love a bend, as doubtless he had discovered for himself. I could not but admire the huge harrier's powerful and purposeful flight. The mallards were drowsing happily; and I was close enough to see them blink their gray-lidded eyes sleepily. Then the thunderbolt fell. The green-headed drake was the victim. As the eagle cleared the marsh the wild duck leaped upward; but the talons of the marauder gripped him fairly in the back. The sleek brown hen flew away distractedly. The eagle bore his prey with indolent ease toward one of his haunts along the delta of the Santee. The little tragedy was over.

I suppose that this incident should not be called an illustration of a vendetta; for it was a very one-sided affair, as all encounters between the eagle and the wild duck must be. Yet it is a part of the general warfare waged in the weird marsh of which I write. In wild life there are not, indeed, many inveter-

ate enemies; the question of supremacy has been settled long ago for most rivals. It is usually a case of grim and relentless warfare of the strong upon the weak, with little or no retaliation allowed. Sometimes man aids the weaker, as I was once able to do when I had some decoys set off a point in the river.

The wild ducks were rafted in the river; that is, having left all their haunts on the delta and the coastal islands, they were gathered in a mighty concourse on the waters of the lower Santee. It was just about daybreak. Looking across the river at the vast assembly of wild fowl, certainly not fewer than twenty thousand in number, I was hoping that something might rouse them and send some stragglers flying my way, when my wish was gratified. However, when I saw an eagle coming, I knew very well that, while the mallards and black ducks would be wildly scattered, none was likely to be lured just then by my decoys. When the eagle, which had launched himself from a dead pine on Cedar Island, was a quarter of a mile from the ducks and high in the rosy morning heavens, the hunted wild fowl began to rise. They poured upward in a vast black cloud which roared like

distant thunder. Like a driven thunder-cloud also the ranks of the panic-stricken ducks broke raggedly and streamed wildly in every direction. It was impressive to see one bird put twenty thousand to flight.

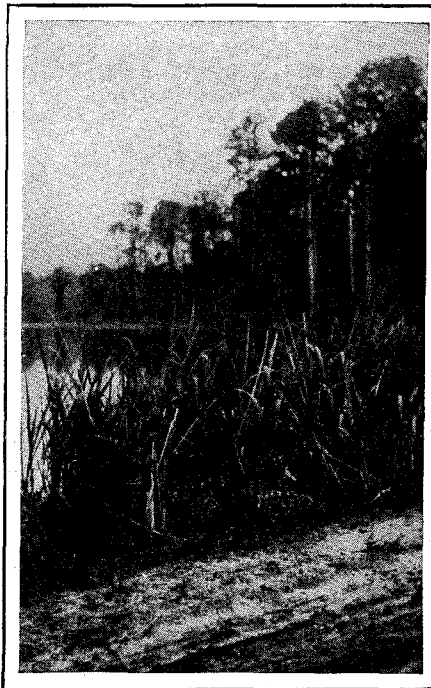
The eagle appeared unwilling to pursue any of the wild duck whose gathering he had routed; but even while he was a good distance off I could see that he had designs on my placid wooden ducks, bobbing idly in the lee of the marshy point where I lay hidden. Why this group of mallards should remain there whence all but them had fled, as Mrs. Hemans might say, interested the bald eagle. With indolent ease he set his flight for them; and for half a mile he came like a stroke of lightning. When he was within thirty feet of the decoys, he checked his amazing fall, hovered in a swift maneuver, and then pounced upon one of the wooden ducks. He must have sunk his talons into the soft wood, for when he rose he had the decoy firmly gripped. He lifted it perhaps ten feet, and then let it fall back into the water. Considering the daily damage that he did to the ranks of the wild fowl, I felt justified in scaring him; this I did effectively by rumpling him with a load of duck shot when he was at a distance that I knew was not a dangerous one for him. For an hour after this incident, while the calm day broadened and the mists rose from the lone reaches of the great marsh, wild ducks in groups of twos and threes and scores and hundreds were continually visible. But not again that day did they gather in happy concourse in the river.

On another morning I saw illustrated in striking fashion this ancient preying of the eagle upon the duck. A lone mallard, hotly pursued by a male bald eagle, was flying desperately up the river, and passed within a hundred feet of where I was in the edges of the marsh. The eagle stayed above his prey; and so powerful and masterly was his flight that it seemed to me that he might at any time have caught it. But his actual taking of it was by a maneuver as remarkable as it was graceful. This happened between Blake's Marsh and Grace Island, about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the Santee. The eagle, evidently having the fleeing duck at his mercy, was not content to take him in the ordinary manner; but, rushing downward, he turned almost completely over under his fast-flying prey and seized it by the breast. A few powerful beats of his wings righted him, and he flew off across the river toward Cedar Island. I do not think that many observers have seen the bald eagle take prey in the manner described; I have seen it but once. Yet the maneuver was executed with such ease that I have no doubt that it had been practiced before.

Very different, indeed, from the warfare waged by eagles upon wild fowl is the nature of the warfare that the raccoon carries on against the shell-fish of Blake's Marsh, especially the oysters. This wild and wide stretch of reed country, is an ideal hunting-ground for rac-

coons; and that they are numerous everywhere there is attested by the fact, that in every pathway through the marsh there are innumerable tracks made by them—tracks that resemble the imprints made by a tiny and delicate human hand. No haunt could be more congenial for these intelligent fur-bearers. The marsh yields them abundant food, and in the adjacent woods of the mainland and the barrier island they find big timber for daytime retirement. Wherever the raccoon is hunted, he rarely appears in daylight; but in Blake's Marsh I have seen him pacing along with wily sedateness when the sun was high overhead. And more than once I have come upon raccoons quite unconcernedly sleeping in the low comfortable crotches of red cedar trees standing in the hummocks of the marsh. I have often awakened some of these day-dreamers, and invariably their attitude was the same. They were very much bored that I should disturb them; they shifted their positions with slow and drowsily snarling complaints; they blinked at me with the discomfort of those who are awakened out of sweet slumber. But they never seemed to fear me; they never once regarded me with that bright-eyed wariness that is the commonest trait of most of the folk of the wild. The impression they conveyed was merely that they thought me exceedingly tiresome to wake them.

But when the raccoon is on the ground he is one of the most intelligent animals living. That he can take care of himself the following incident will attest. Early one morning I was ranging the marsh with a setter dog when we came to what is locally known as a slue—a shallow pond in the reeds. My dog encountered a raccoon on the edge of the pond, and he began barking frantically at his discovery. By the time I had broken through the reeds both raccoon and setter were swimming across the small lagoon. When about half-way



ON THE BRINK OF THE MARSH

across, the raccoon came to a halt. He evidently swam against a submerged stump. It was just under the surface; for when he climbed upon it he was almost clear of the water. He turned calmly and faced his pursuer with nonchalant courage. I was close enough to see that the left hind foot of the creature was gone; it had evidently been cut off in a trap; and this injury made the coming fray an apparently unequal one. But a curious surprise was in store for the dog. As he swam up to the raccoon that crafty creature reached far out with his delicate black hands, caught the dog with admirable nicety just behind the ears, and shoved his head gently but firmly beneath the water. The setter's head was quietly held submerged for a moment. Then it was released, and the raccoon stood on negligently alert guard for a further attack. The dog, however, had had enough. He evidently realized that he was dealing with a superior intelligence. He swam back to me; and, though he barked wildly and vociferously and told me all about it, he scrupulously observed the better part of valor. I left the raccoon crouched on the hidden stump, waiting there patiently and wisely and gravely for whatever form of attack the fates might send next. If I judged his expression aright, it was one of ancient understanding of and huge tolerance for the changes and chances of this mortal life.

But on another occasion I was given an opportunity to see that, despite appearances, the wisdom of the raccoon is far from being infallible. I was walking along the muddy bank of Blake's Marsh about a half-mile from Murphy's Island. Here and there the low tide exposed oyster banks, and among these were many curlews and willets. A dark object on an oyster bank attracted my attention. As I came up to it I found, to my surprise, that it was an old male raccoon—dead from drowning. He had been covered and uncovered by one tide, but I think not more. His right fore foot was fatally caught in an oyster! Some time during the preceding night, I supposed, the raccoon had been foraging among the oysters, as he had probably done systematically for years; but at last he met a Tartar of a bivalve. The oyster that held him was not particularly large, but it did appear articulated with unusual strength. Here was a singular tragedy of the wild; for, despite all his struggles, the raccoon had been grimly held fast while the tide crept upward and had submerged him. I am sure, however, that this was one of those accidents of nature that is seldom repeated. I was surprised that the captive had not gnawed off his foot, for that is the customary practice in regions where steel traps are known. I was told recently by a very reliable Negro trapper of the Santee delta that of nine traps that he visited in a single morning each of seven contained the fore foot of a raccoon. And I can say that at least one in three of the raccoons that I see have but three legs. There is much that is pitiful about these cripples;



WARSAW CREEK, A TRIBUTARY OF THE LOWER SANTEE

"Through the marsh wound salt creeks of many sizes, but all alike in their mazy wanderings and in the nature of their ministrations"

but certainly their affliction does not make them beggars, and they manage to get along quite as well as their four-footed brothers.

Of all the birds of the marsh the most interesting to me is the clapper rail, which in Blake's Marsh is remarkably abundant. Indeed, were it not for natural enemies, I think the marsh would be overpopulated with these noisy, secret, elusive, resourceful birds. But their foes are many. Undoubtedly the marsh raccoons and wildcats capture many, especially the young birds. Not infrequently a giant tide will sweep to destruction thousands of nests. The common crow delights in nothing so much as in destroying the eggs of this bird. The very home that it makes for its eggs and young is obliged to be built in a precarious situation, for the whole region is subject to tidal influences. However, the instinct of the bird (I should like to say reasoning power but for fear of controversy) teaches it to build one of the most remarkable of nests. While the tiny marsh sparrow or Worthington's wren builds a bulky nest high up in the marsh, binding it together with blades of the marsh, much as the blackbird does, the clapper rail does better. He sometimes (not always, for occasionally his nest is placed above the reach of ordinary tides) constructs a nest that, either by good chance or by positive design, slides up and down the marsh stems as the tides rise and fall. The nest is constructed largely of the light dry stems of dead marsh, and the softer parts of the lining are withered marsh blades. I have often seen these nests at low tide flat on the mud, and the same nests when the tide was up floating on the quiet water, gently anchored by marsh stems turned about the growing marsh. I am not prepared to say that the birds know exactly what they are doing; but the fact of these sliding nests remains. Undoubtedly mishaps to the eggs often occur; indeed,

I have seen nests with the eggs tipped out and the nests themselves lodged half-way down the stems of the marsh. But the rising and falling of the tide are so steady and so gradual that the nests are usually handled gently and effectively.

I mentioned the marsh wren as a bird building a very large nest, high up in the reeds and woven of marsh blades. Cheerful and innocent as is this tiny dweller in the wasteland, I believe his particular enemy is more ruthless than almost any that the other birds have to meet; at least there is something gruesome about his attack. This is a small marsh mouse which climbs the reed stems on which the nest is suspended, enters the circular hole at the side leading to the interior, catches the inmate if he can and destroys it, devours the eggs, and then appropriates the home for himself and his family! I know of no more complete example of Bolshevism in nature. It is such a thing as this that makes me know that the wide and placid marsh, shimmering in the warm sunlight, misty in the vague rain, or blanched in the pale moonlight, is the scene of many a tragedy where the survival of the fittest and the cleverest and the quickest and the strongest is continually being determined. And though I love wild scenes and the quiet loneliness of a place like this, behind the beauty of its perpetually autumnal landscape I seem to see the face of nature, anciently wise, inexorable, not quite familiar, not quite smiling.

There is a vendetta of the pinelands adjacent to Blake's Marsh that terminates at the borders of the marsh. This is the picturesque feud of deer and hound. The marsh has been, time out of mind, a sanctuary for hunted deer. Sometimes they come all the way from Wambaw Swamp, eleven miles away, to take refuge here in this strange solitude. Ever since boyhood I have known that a deer that succeeded in reaching the marsh ahead of the hounds had made

good his escape. And both the pursuers and the pursued recognize this as a fact. Many a time I have seen deer in flight entering the marsh; and hardly had they reached the fringes of their wide sanctuary before they would break the speed of their race. Many a time also I have known fine packs of hounds to break off their chase abruptly at the mysterious borders of the wasteland. Old hounds especially when they come within sight of the lone expanse of reeds abandon their game, however eager the pursuit had until that time been. It is a case of instinct; for in the marsh a dog has no chance against a deer. To begin with, a deer can go where a dog cannot follow; and again, where the deer has the advantage of footing he will turn to bay, and a buck at bay in a situation favorable to him is no mean antagonist for a pack of hounds. I shall tell of two incidents that I observed in Blake's Marsh that will illustrate the truth of what I mean.

One January day at noon I was walking along the southern end of the marsh, just where the lands of the Santee Club terminate. As I was on neutral ground, I had a hound with me. From a dense hummock of cedar and myrtle we started

two great bucks, giants of their kind; and I may say that it is rather an odd fact that two old male deer are often at this time of the year found associated. They rocked off lithely, and I supposed that they would run the margin of a wide slue—a place so boggy and apparently bottomless that I could not see how even a duck could keep its footing there. To my surprise, the two great animals chose to cross this morass. Perhaps they knew that by so doing they could baffle the dog that was now clamoring on their track. The slue was a hundred yards wide and several hundred long. In long, lithe bounds the deer entered it; and, instead of floundering and sinking, as any other animals might have done, they never lost their stride, never faltered. I could readily see that their effort was a heroic one, for their flanks heaved, their big haunch muscles were vividly expanded and corded, and their antlered heads tossed somewhat wildly; but their flight through that dreadful morass was swift, orderly, and graceful. The hound attempted to follow the deer. He got only about fifteen yards into the slue when his footing failed him. He was trying to run and to swim at the same time. Failing in both, he turned back toward me. By the time he had reached me, mud-drenched and crestfallen, the two bucks had gained the farther side of the bog and were safely entering a sanctuary of reeds as dense as some of the papyrus brakes along the Nile.

Late one afternoon, while on an open causeway leading into Blake's Marsh, I heard two hounds coming in my direction. I moved up against a great pine overlooking the marsh. In a few moments my expectations were realized—a fine buck came bounding out of the mainland woods. He was in full flight, yet

no sooner did he cross the mystic margin of the marsh than he broke his stride. His wild run became an easy bounding, and this in turn a walk. He passed within thirty yards of me without seeing me. The hounds meanwhile were eagerly approaching. From their voices I knew them to be young dogs. Soon they came in sight, and of their speed and earnestness there could be no question. They were not more than three-quarters grown. They passed me wildly, the sand flying under their feet. The buck was now only a little distance ahead and in plain sight. In a moment the big deer turned in an indolent, scornful manner, and a strange encounter ensued.

This deer, unwounded and certainly capable of hours more of flight, turned to bay. Indeed, he went further than that; his attitude was offensive rather than defensive, and his abrupt change of tactics took the dogs completely by surprise. Lowering his crested head, rolling his eyes, and managing to bulge his neck until he looked formidable indeed, he faced his pursuers. They, amazed and baffled, evidently thought that their real prey had escaped them, and that they had encountered an enemy which they were not capable of managing. At any rate, their advance halted immediately; their baying was perfunctory. Soon it grew fitful. And within five minutes they had turned tail and were making good time on the back track through the pinelands. Probably they had never before run a deer into the marsh; and certainly if they do so again they will behave as all knowing hounds of that region do; they will abandon the chase at the brink of the deer's ancient sanctuary.

Between the pine woods and the marsh there is a long, myrtle-grown watercourse; when it becomes dry, its chan-

nel is seen to be black mud, caked by the winter's sunshine into huge slabs, broken into wonderful geometrical designs. One December day, while loitering along this dry bed of the sluggish stream, I saw the trail of an alligator. The bearlike clawed tracks and the wide swath he had mashed through the marshy mud identified him before I found him half a mile farther on. He was a very respectable bull in size—eleven feet, perhaps. But his length surprised me far less than the fact that he should be abroad in midwinter. During all my years in the Santee delta I had never before seen an alligator in winter (except once, in a freshet, when one was washed out of his hibernating quarters). This particular reptile was most sluggish and uninteresting. His only sign of recognition was a prodigiously solemn blink, and I was not at all sure that he meant that for me. My attempts to make him think that a pine pole was an enemy which he ought to seize in his mighty jaws were wholly unavailing. After a quarter of an hour of his company I left him, convinced that hibernation affects the mind, and that the most stolid and phlegmatic creature in the world is one whose mischance it has been to come forth into the light and the air while still the heavy summons of long sleep "lies like lead upon him."

A strange and interesting place it is, this great melancholy marsh. Upon it man has hardly made a trace. Here nature operates freely, graciously, terribly. It has a fascination for me, this lonely region; but when I leave it my feeling is not wholly one of regret. For always I am conscious of the many dread vendettas and cruel wars waged there, and that probably will be waged there as long as wild life exists upon the earth.

AMATEUR ENVOYS OR PROFESSIONAL?

A DISCUSSION AS TO WHAT THE HARDING ADMINISTRATION SHOULD DO WITH AND FOR OUR DIPLOMATS, AND SOME FURTHER REMARKS ABOUT UNCLE SAM'S "TIN HALO"

I—REMOVALS FROM THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

"IF the men who have been appointed Ministers from the ranks of the diplomatic service—men like Hugh Gibson, William Phillips, Joseph Grew, and Peter Jay—are removed by the new Administration, it is the end of the diplomatic service."

These words were spoken by a man prominent in the conduct of the State Department.

I asked him why this was.

"Because it means that the Republicans will go back to the policy of Mr. Bryan," he said. "It means that effi-

cient work in the service will be rewarded by dismissal. It means that the men at present in the service can see no possible future ahead of them. If there is to be no promotion from the ranks of the service to the posts of ministers or ambassadors, or if men so promoted are removable to satisfy political expediency, the service cannot last. Good men will not join it."

I had to admit the soundness of his statement.

Here is the story:

In the old days the positions of secre-

taries in our embassies and legations abroad were a part of the legitimate spoils of the winning party.

Under the able direction of Mr. Elihu Root, the diplomatic service was put on a basis where advancement was determined by merit and experience. The first steps were taken to make it a "career" in the sense that it is in France and Great Britain. In other words, admission was based on examinations and promotion was provided for up to the rank of first secretary with a view to efficiency and ability.

During the Administration of Mr. Taft promotion within the service was further encouraged, and it looked as if there were prospects of making it a sufficiently attractive career to induce men of ability and initiative to enter it.



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HUGH S. GIBSON



Bain
PETER A. JAY



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J. W. GARRETT



Bain
J. C. GREW



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WILLIAM PHILLIPS

"If the men who have been appointed Ministers from the ranks of the diplomatic service—men like Hugh Gibson, William Phillips, Joseph Grew, and Peter Jay—are removed by the new Administration, it is the end of the diplomatic service. . . . Mr. Wilson, it is true, appointed Hugh Gibson, Peter Jay, John Garrett, Joseph Grew, and William Phillips to be Ministers—all men who had spent years in foreign service and had risen from the ranks"

Then came Mr. Bryan.

He believed in "deserving Democrats." While he could do only little damage to the diplomatic secretaries, as they were on a Civil Service status, he struck at their morale by his methods of selecting the chiefs of missions.

Even after Mr. Bryan left the Department of State discontent in the service continued. Mr. Wilson, it is true, appointed Hugh Gibson, Peter Jay, John Garrett, Joseph Grew, and William Phillips to be Ministers—all men who had spent years in foreign service and had risen from the ranks. Yet other factors, such as inadequate pay, lack of a definite, consistent foreign policy, etc., continued to trouble many who had joined the service, and there were a number of resignations of members who had shown exceptional promise.

To-day the diplomatic service is inadequately paid; it offers no training that can be of practical value in after life. If on top of that the Republicans, whom many people had thought were sounder on foreign affairs than the Democrats, remove the only men who have risen to Ministers from the ranks, it will be plainly evident that the diplomatic service, along with its other drawbacks, offers no future for the men going into it. Insufficient pay, abortive train-

ing, a career of no promise—are these the necessary characteristics to enable a government service of the utmost importance to attract men of ability?

And yet that is all the promise the diplomatic service will hold out if the Republicans follow in the footsteps of Mr. Bryan.

II—FRANK WORDS ON THE "TRAINED" DIPLOMATS

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

WITH the inauguration of a new President, America is once more being treated to its quadrennial discussion upon the subject of taking diplomatic posts out of politics.

Writers who are long on theory and short on experience are declaring that, like Europe, America should have a permanent diplomatic corps, which should continue to hold office regardless of the political mutations of the Government.

That notion should have perished in the war.

If the world has learned anything at all from civilization's cataclysm, it should have learned that professional diplomacy brought on the war, and failed to prevent the war, and was unable to end the war, and proved unequal to restoring peace after the war.

It was the timorous incompetence of professional diplomats that messed up the earth in 1914.

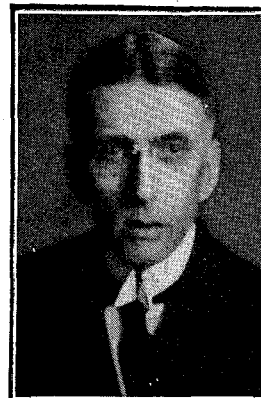
Professional Allied diplomats ineptly, with incredible inefficiency, let Bulgaria and Turkey be drawn into the war on the side of Germany.

Professional diplomats made the iniquitous secret treaties during the war which have brought confusion to peace plans, and now threaten further strife.

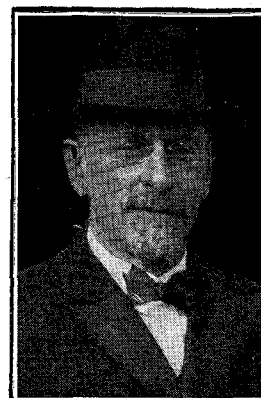
Professional and aristocratic and reactionary diplomats threw Russia into the arms of the Bolsheviks.

Professional diplomats are to-day, with a blindness that is criminal, setting nation against nation, policy against policy, class against class.

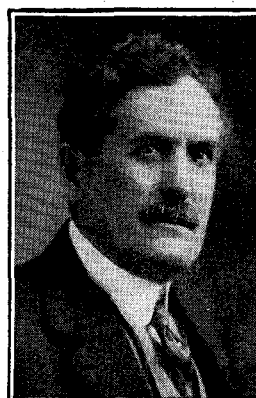
By contrast, look at America's record in the war. Who were the shining diplomatic successes of those testing days? Were



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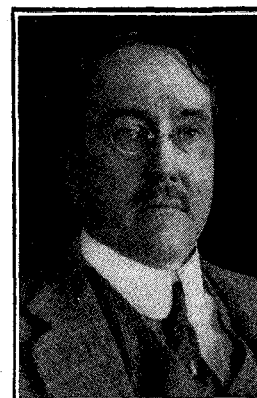
Wide World
HENRY MORGENTHAU



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MYRON T. HERRICK



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JAMES W. GERARD

"Look at America's record in the war. Who were the shining diplomatic successes of those testing days? Were they the vaunted professionals of the European chancelleries; or were they the Brand Whitlocks, the Henry Morgenthaus, the Myron Herricks, the Walter Pages, the James Gerards, straight out of American civil life, with no other training than courageous American manhood and ideals?"

they the vaunted professionals of the European chancelleries; or were they the Brand Whitlocks, the Henry Morgenthau, the Myron Herricks, the Walter Pages, the James Gerards, straight out of American civil life, with no other training than courageous American manhood and ideals?

As a matter of simple observation, the professional diplomat is more interested in his "career" than in taking vigorous action for the maintenance of American rights. He fears to do anything drastic lest it count against him on his record and in the attainment of the promotion upon which he ever has his eye.

Commentators upon this subject are fond of citing Great Britain's professional diplomats, ignoring the fact that the British Government is making radical changes for the democratization of her service; and that in hours of special need she calls civilians into the diplomatic organizations for great and difficult tasks.

The most conspicuously successful Ambassador Great Britain ever had in America was James Bryce, scorned as an "outsider" by the jealous professional diplomats. Sir Auckland Geddes, the present Ambassador at Washington, is a non-professional diplomat, because there

were no "career men," as the phrase runs, big enough for the task.

American ambassadors and ministers directly represent the President. They should therefore be men of his mind.

This is no apology for many unfit appointments that have brought no credit to our country, some of whom, by the way, are now clamoring to be retained in office as "career men."

Coming straight out of the life of the Nation, and expecting to return thither after a few years of service, the American diplomat knows that he must "make good" in a short term, and that by the exercise of courageous and efficient Americanism he is to have his reward only in the sense of service done and in the favor of his country. Considerations of "career" need never swerve him.

The case of secretaries is different; they are the continuing representatives, skilled in the technique of office. A certain proportion of higher posts should be open to them and their salaries should always be large enough to remove the stigma of "rich social climbers" from diplomatic secretaries.

But in the main, for the sake of keeping our foreign outposts in touch with the life of America at home, the ambassadors and ministers should be appointed afresh by each incoming President.

convey to them principles with which they agreed through the barriers that differences of race, language, and attitude toward the state, as well as national jealousies, present. Both Mr. Root and Mr. White, talking to me from their veteran experiences in practice and knowledge of world diplomacy, said in substance: "That is the problem of diplomacy."

If an Elihu Root finds it difficult to meet the conflicting tongues and conceptions, how are men less skilled getting on?

A man's politics ought to have just as little to do with his becoming an ambassador as it does with his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I use this analogy because the credit and dignity of the Supreme Court stand high; its value is inestimable as the living voice of the Constitution—that is, the will of the people expressed in the fundamental law they have enacted—and the Court, sitting high above the assaults of factions or parties, is the interpreter and enforcer of that law. The primary measure of a judge's competency for the bench is political disinterestedness. An ambassador is asked to concern himself with the expressions of the formulated will of the nation exactly as a judge is. Their functions vary in method rather than character.

The problem of getting new men requires increase of all salaries, and then promotion, as fast as may be compatible for the good of the service, to the highest positions.

We can at least approximate the British system in a very short time, a system which has made the British Foreign Office the best in the world, while still flexible enough to send a Bryce or a Grey to this country. We ought always to be able to conscript our highest ability for exceptional service to send to the Court of St. James's a man like Elihu Root, who enjoys a position in England not unlike that of Viscount Bryce in America; or to France a man like John Finley (who in many respects is a remarkable counterpart of Ambassador Jusserand, the great scholar, litterateur, and diplomat, who so ably represents French interests at Washington).

The French have found it valuable to prepare men for their foreign service in special schools, the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*, and more recently another rival school has been established. Some of our own diplomatic secretaries and consuls have taken the French course of training to their advantage. I recall Hugh Gibson, Minister to Poland, Arthur Orr, and William Dawson.

From my own experience in the study of politics in the University of Paris at the Sorbonne, I know the high rank of French scholarship and the practical value of training in such special schools of higher political studies. Two of my professors, Lapradelle and Barthelemy, praised highly the early diplomatic activities of our first statesmen and displayed a more intimate acquaintance with our diplomatic system and history

III—THE SUPREME COURT OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

BY ANDREW TEN EYCK

THE long-suffering tolerance of public opinion towards incompetence in the foreign service and meager support for it is a feature which has struck European observers. It is the more remarkable because at no time when we have seriously thought of the matter ourselves has there been any division of opinion as to what should be done. The expressions from men of experience in our diplomatic life which were published in *The Outlook* of February 16¹ reveal exactly that.

With about fourteen billion dollars owed us, publicly and privately, and every line of business, relief work, and journalistic enterprise in the four corners of the globe, the problem of decent representation abroad is more immediate.

In view of these facts and with the direct intimation from Mr. Harding that negotiation through diplomatic channels is to be the way back into association with the nations of the world, the foreign service becomes of ever greater concern.

It is not always the case of an incompetent ambassador, as Robert Underwood Johnson, a man of wide experience in private international affairs and an internationally minded citizen of a fine type, shows in *The Outlook* of February 16 in giving his version of what I

termed a "predicament" in characterization of the duties he performed at San Remo. Dr. Johnson gives evidence in the statement of the instructions he received and how he carried them out which shows that Washington reduced his function to that of an amanuensis among plenipotentiaries—a function which caused Lloyd George to remark (on hearing of it the day before Dr. Johnson arrived) to my friend and former associate of the New York "Tribune," Mr. Ralph Courtney: "I have never been informed officially of the expected arrival at San Remo of the American Ambassador to Rome as a *spectator*. What we would like, however, is an American representative who would not only take notes, but give us the American viewpoint. . . . It is a great pity that America is not here." Episodes such as these concern, perhaps, the inherent weakness of a divided control between the President and Senate in foreign affairs which has deadlocked other Presidents than Mr. Wilson in negotiating a foreign policy.

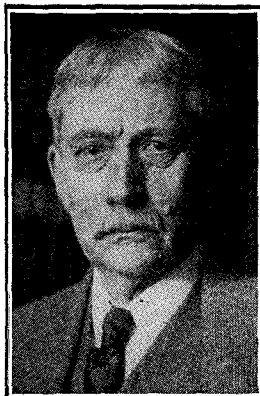
I remember well an hour I spent with Elihu Root and Henry White at Claridge's in London last July. Mr. Root had just returned from The Hague after drafting the plan for the permanent Court of Justice for the League of Nations. He sat back in his chair and told us what a hard problem it was, not to persuade people of differing nationalities of the soundness of principles, but to

¹Mr. Ten Eyck refers to comments made by high officials on his article, "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" (*The Outlook* for December 22, 1920), concerning the housing and maintenance of our Ambassadors.—The Editors.



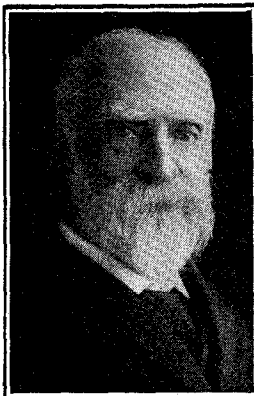
Underwood

VISCOUNT GREY



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ELIHU ROOT



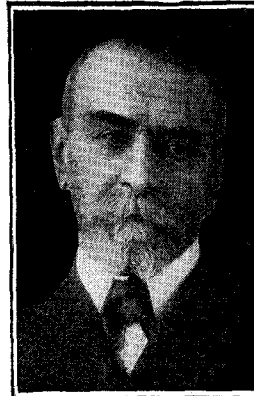
Harris & Ewing

VISCOUNT BRYCE



International

JOHN FINLEY



Keystone

JEAN JULES JUSSERAND

"We can at least approximate the British system, . . . which has made the British Foreign Office the best in the world, while still flexible enough to send a Bryce or a Grey to this country. We ought always to be able to conscript our highest ability for exceptional service to send to the Court of St. James's a man like Elihu Root, who enjoys a position in England not unlike that of Viscount Bryce in America; or to France a man like John Finley (who in many respects is a remarkable counterpart of Ambassador Jusserand, the great scholar, litterateur, and diplomat, who so ably represents French interests at Washington)."

than is in evidence in our own great universities.

Much should be done immediately in correlating all the foreign activities of our Government in the State Department. The total lack of such correlation now is a patent fact. Often as a correspondent in London, through lack of time to consult four different bureaus on a given proposition, I have gone to the British Foreign Office for information about the United States. I am not proud to admit it.

Last year, when the Shipping Board seized the *Imperator*, which had been allocated to Great Britain, and held the ship for weeks without the slightest right except retaliation and with an entire disregard of the unfriendly connotation involved, it did more to hurt Anglo-American friendship than all the tact, resourcefulness, and diplomacy of Davis could regain in weeks thereafter.

Precisely as the President unifies domestic policies in acting himself where the work of his Secretaries of Labor, Interior, Commerce, Treasury, and Attorney-General may be involved, the ambassador should be the supreme representative abroad in matters of our multi-form relationships with foreign Powers. Diplomatic interests, consular interests, shipping interests, Treasury Department interests, should focus in him. We have failed to learn our lesson from the war if we ignore the consequences of this lack of co-ordinated relationship in dealing with foreign governments. Colonel House paid no attention whatever to the State Department in his work of preparation for the Peace Conference. He collected a set of experts and set them to work. They collected much valuable information, but when Wilson was closeted with the Council of Four he found it impracticable to use the water-tight compartments surrounding him, lacking as they did unity of purpose and common association; whereas Lloyd George, lacking as much perhaps as Wilson of a knowledge of details and programmes, always had a body of faithful

British experts who could give him arguments and data in support of a well-thought-out plan formulated by the under-officers of the British Foreign Office.

The Under-Secretary of State might well be a permanent official who would correlate and unify the various departments, boards, and commissions concerned in the supervision and control of foreign affairs. According to the National Civil Service League, some fifteen authorities practically independent in action issue orders and regulations affecting our international relations. Some attempt, I believe, has been made through what is termed a Foreign Trade Council to co-ordinate overlapping activities. But the Appropriation Bill shows contributions to a large number of international bureaus, associations, and commissions. These are under the supervision of various departments of government.

We should buy or build embassies as quickly as possible.

Even Mr. Bryan favors the building of embassies. Before the Foreign Affairs Committee, on December 17, 1913, he said that on his first trip to Europe, ten years prior, he became a firm believer in the principle of purchasing embassies. Mr. Bryan, as Secretary of State, favored the gradual purchasing. He reasoned that it was undemocratic for the United States to close diplomatic careers to poor men or to permit men of wealth to lavish their living and so represent a "spurious" America. This certainly is valuable testimony from a man who waived the merit rule in favor of "deserving Democrats."

Mr. Harding needs an improved diplomatic service, a much improved service if negotiation is to play the master rôle in his Administration. He has some hard diplomatic problems. Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State, with Mr. Root in London acting in much more than an ambassadorial capacity, would be an ideal arrangement. If there is one who sees the world predicament, it is Elihu Root. He may not wish to continue long in the

service, but he can at least suggest the right course for America to follow.

The National Civil Service Reform League published a report in 1919 on the foreign service of the United States which is a real mine of material in support of the betterment of the service through the disclosures of present incompetencies and shortcomings. Mr. Harding ought to be well fortified with the facts of this report when he is besieged with requests for jobs for "deserving" Republicans.

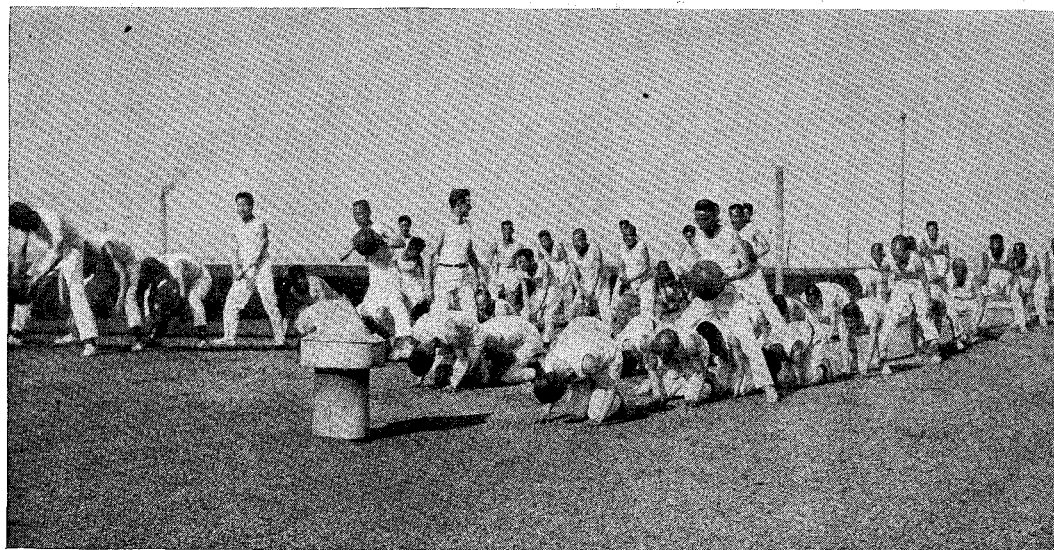
I would of course in such matters carefully guard the prerogative of the President and Senate to guide and control our foreign relations. A concrete illustration of what might happen were the conditions unflexible may be seen in the situation right now. It would be difficult for Mr. Harding to use Mr. Wilson's ambassadors. There are always bound to be periods of diplomatic deadlock and partisan warfare, such as is ending now, when as concerns foreign affairs the influence and power of the Government of the United States is long paralyzed. But American diplomacy in the last analysis is the expression of the will of the people as interpreted by and expressed through the Chief Executive.

As a people, however, we are little interested in world affairs. The President's tenure of office is short. He is generally a novice at the diplomatic game. It is a question whether foreign relations can be maintained excepting by a consistent continuing policy and a permanent body of trained officials as a corrective for the intermittent service of the supreme head of the diplomatic system—the President.

Diplomacy is a supremely human thing, dependent upon human qualities and good international manners. Education and training in the conventions and amenities of international intercourse are essential for the entire foreign service. Integrity and ability to present the ideals and policies of the Nation are essential to great ministers and great diplomats.

ATHLETIC TRAINING IN THE FAR EAST

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Arthur Lockley, Tientsin, China

"OVER THE TOP" IN CHINA

We see here a group of Chinese drill-masters of the primary schools of Tientsin. They are being trained by the Physical Department of the Y. M. C. A. of Tientsin, which undertook to give them instruction in modern methods of play and physical education. The game they are playing is called "Over the Top." Until a few years ago play or any kind of physical exercise was tabooed for the Chinese scholar, but there is a strong movement now for "play for everybody"



From K. F. Berry, Worcester, Mass.

THE COMING NEW WOMEN OF JAPAN

Dressed in middie blouse and bloomers, fresh from their "gym" exercises in the athletic field, these girls are standing at attention, doing honor to the Emperor's attendant, who for the first time is visiting Kobe College, by Imperial Command. This is a signal recognition, says our informant, by the Japanese Government, of the worth and high standing of Christian education for women. A Smith College graduate is President of Kobe College

THE BOOK TABLE

A NOVELIST WRITES HISTORY

MR. WELLS'S "Outline of History"¹ is a piece of superfine popular journalism; in saying which I do not mean to slur his notable book, but to praise it. For the work of the modern popular journalist is of great importance.

The journalist collects his facts from indubitable sources, arranges and codifies them, interprets and compares them with other relative facts, adds his own personal comment, and serves the whole to the reader, who thus gets—and could get in no other fashion—a panoramic sweep of current history. There are those who object to this journalistic treatment of life as superficial. It is necessarily superficial. Most of our knowledge of the world and its phenomena is surface knowledge. The view from any one of the high points of Yosemite Park is superficial to the ordinary observer. Only the geologist or botanist or naturalist can explain it scientifically. But the artist can feel its beauty and can interpret it.

The journalist is an artist. Mr. Wells is to be judged as an artist—as a journalist-historian, not as a research-historian. Tried by this test, it is my judgment that he has written a brilliant book. To cover a period of 100,000,000 years in two handy and convenient volumes is a very large task. Macaulay, also a journalist-historian—the most delightful kind, I think—takes ten volumes to cover a period of scarcely more than one hundred years in the history of one little country, England, a mere momentary flash in the inconceivably vast record of the universe.

Wells starts with the world as a spinning mass of incandescent gas in space and brings it down to the World War, and yet co-ordinates the parts of this magic and overwhelming sweep of things through time and space so that the reader receives an impression of continuity and harmony. The reader also gets some impression of the vast realm which science is exploring and of which it has only touched the outskirts as yet—geology, botany, biology, astronomy, anthropology, synthetic chemistry, physiology, political economy, philology, comparative literature, comparative religion, psychology—in a word, the study of man in his relations to the universe. A writer who can give the average reader such impressions as these—and Mr. Wells has done it—has accomplished a notable piece of work.

A passage at the very outset of the book presents a good example not only of Wells's engaging style but of his method of translating the abstruse and technical language of scientific research into terms of daily life:

These markings and fossils in the rocks and the rocks themselves are

¹The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York.

our first historical documents. The history of life that men have puzzled out and are still puzzling out from them is called the Record of the Rocks. By studying this record men are slowly piecing together a story of life's beginnings, and of the beginnings of our kind, of which our ancestors a century or so ago had no suspicion. But when we call these rocks and the fossils a record and a



(C) Keystone

H. G. WELLS

history, it must not be supposed that there is any sign of an orderly keeping of a record. It is merely that whatever happens leaves some trace. Nor are the rocks of the world in orderly layers one above another, convenient for men to read. They are not like the books and pages of a library. They are torn, disrupted, interrupted, flung about, defaced like a carelessly arranged office after it has experienced in succession a bombardment, a hostile military occupation, looting, an earthquake, riots, and a fire. And so it is that for countless generations this Record of the Rocks lay unsuspected beneath the feet of men.

But, while Wells does not profess to be scientific in his narrative, he has made an effort, which ought to command at least the respect of the workers in original research, to give his "Outline" a scientific basis. For he refers the reader constantly to the books of original scientific authority which have been his sources of information.

His method of procedure in constructing his "Outline" is this. He has gathered together a sort of advisory board of acknowledged scientists and historians and has supplemented his own extraordinarily wide reading by consulting them as to facts, deductions, and theories; and he has submitted to them his own treatment of subjects in their particular fields. Doubtless he has

often modified his views or his narrative in accordance with their criticisms. But manifestly he has sometimes pursued his own way uncurbed and unguided. For he often prints a foot-note in which now this one, now that, of his advisers takes vigorous exception to statements in the text. This running debate between the author and his collaborators is not one of the least interesting features of this history and discloses a breadth of generosity and freedom from narrow-mindedness which those who dislike and dread the author's Socialistic doctrines are not often willing to ascribe to him. Thus in these notes Sir Gilbert Murray expresses the opinion that Mr. Wells is "too dogmatic" about the Trojan Wars; Mr. Ernest Barker "feels strongly" that Mr. Wells is "unjust to Athens;" and Mr. Wells states that at least one of his advisory board takes exception to the slighting valuation which he places upon the contribution made by Roman law and the codification of Justinian to modern civilization. In extenuation of his sin in this respect Mr. Wells adds in the same foot-note that existing law seems to him to be "based upon a confused foundation of conventions, arbitrary assumptions, and working fictions about human relationship, and to be a very impracticable and antiquated system indeed;" this "temperamental lack of appreciation," he admits, may have made him "negligent of Justinian and unjust to Rome as a whole."

Such frankness disarms criticism, and yet it must be said that Mr. Wells's prejudices against imperialistic and aristocratical government—prejudices which are not unnatural and which history very largely substantiates—prevent him from seeing or acknowledging the substantial contributions which aristocrats and imperialists have made to social evolution; and this in face of the fact that he is an avowed social evolutionist himself and believes that both the human individual and human society have developed and are developing in accordance with an evolutionary law which is as universal and as irresistible as the law of gravitation. Thus the art, architecture, law, and literature of the Romans mean little or nothing to him because they were imperialists; Napoleon was a "scoundrel, bright and complete," with no redeeming power of intellect or organization, because he was a militarist; and Gladstone was contemptibly ignorant, a product of Oxford whose system of education is a kind of mummery, because he was an aristocratic nationalist.

In the notes already referred to Mr. Wells and his colleagues carry on a lively but friendly discussion upon the subject of the English university system. This discussion is both entertaining and illuminating.

Mr. Wells. He [Gladstone] was educated at Eton College and at Christ

Church, Oxford, and his mind never recovered from the process. We have already told how, after the Reformation, the English universities ceased to be organs of the general intellectual life, and shrank to be merely the Educational preservers of the aristocracy and the Church.

Mr. Ernest Barker. The great Oxford school of *Literae Humaniores*, which means a serious study of Ancient Philosophy and Ancient History, was already thirty years old in Gladstone's time, and was really a serious training in solid philosophy and solid history. . . . Men with such a training were genuinely and nobly trained for statesmanship.

Mr. Wells. With no knowledge of ethnology, no vision of history as a whole, misconceiving the record of geology, ignorant of the elementary ideas of biological science, of modern political, social, and economic science and modern thought and literature!

Sir Gilbert Murray. The old classical training had great faults, but not quite those which are here imputed to it. . . . It was entirely idealist and non-utilitarian. It aimed not at fitting people for a paid profession, but at culture and inner development. . . . The modern idea that school should teach all that a boy ought to know is educationally disastrous; but it is the natural result of boys coming from uneducated homes. The home, not the school, is the real key to the wider and higher side of education. But this raises large questions.

Mr. Wells. Sir Gilbert Murray, I submit, has not grasped the modern idea in education. . . . It is most significant of the differences and difficulties of our age that the statement which seemed to me a simple statement of an obvious fact, that Mr. Gladstone was a profoundly ignorant man, should have scandalized two of the editors of this work. . . . He lived, as it were, in a luminous and blinding cloud; that cloud, which I call his ignorance, my two editors call his wonderful and abounding culture.

It is clear from this discussion, typical of others in the book, that Mr. Wells is, at the moment at least, more interested in the economic welfare of mankind than in a diffusion of a knowledge of the fine arts—poetry, music, sculpture, painting, architecture. He doubtless would be reluctant to subscribe to Matthew Arnold's statement that the object of culture is "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." He appears to think that it is more important for the Scotch weaver to know the prevailing rate of wages and the economic law of the distribution of wealth than his Robbie Burns. What he thinks of Thoreau living on the shores of Walden Pond, raising just enough food to keep his body going, and getting his real sustenance from the beauty of nature and thought, he does not say. He says much in condemnation of the military and material splendors of the "adventurer David," but nothing of David the poet, whose songs or psalms are among the real splendors of the human race. In his chapter on the nineteenth century he defines ideal edu-

cation as "the preparation of the individual for an understanding and willing co-operation in the world's affairs;" but he takes no notice of that education which enabled Keats, a sufferer from economic injustice, to write his immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and his ever life-giving lines "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." He admits that Homer was a genius because the Greeks were democrats. He decries Virgil as an inferior imitator of Homer because the Romans were imperialists. This is carrying political economy into the realm of literary criticism with a vengeance!

We wonder if Mr. Wells has read Hazlitt's essay on criticism. If not, this passage might have helped him:

The dispute between the admirers of Homer and Virgil has never been settled and never will; for there will always be minds to whom the excellences of Virgil will be more congenial, and therefore more objects of admiration and delight, than those of Homer, and *vice versa*. Both are right in preferring what suits them best, the delicacy and selectness of the one, or the fullness and majestic flow of the other. There is the same difference in their taste that there was in the genius of their two favorites. Neither can the disagreement between the French and English school of tragedy ever be reconciled till the French become English and the English French. Both are right in what they admire, both are wrong in condemning others for what they admire. We see the defects of Racine, they see the faults of Shakespeare, probably in an exaggerated point of view. But we may be sure of this, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism or insipidity and verbiage in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling.

But because "The Outline" has little to say about beauty in the scheme of human development we do not mean to imply that Mr. Wells is a mere materialist. On the contrary, he is almost Pauline, almost Puritan, in his insistence upon the importance of the spiritual element in man. The most interesting philosophical passages and chapters of "The Outline" are those that deal with the four great religions of human history—Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. His treatment of these four great manifestations of the divine spirit in man will probably not satisfy the rigidly orthodox of any one of them. Nevertheless we do not know where in so short a compass the general reader can get so sympathetic, so appreciative, and so just a comparison of the four great attempts of man to penetrate the divine mysteries of the universe.

"The Outline of History" is truly a human document in that it is quite as much a self-revelation as it is a survey of historical fact. In writing it there was apparently a struggle going on in the author's mind, perhaps entirely sub-

conscious, between the desire to ascribe all human progress to the operations of blind economic law and the instinctive feeling that there is a divine Will at work in the universe, to seek harmony and co-operation with which is man's primal duty. In this sense, but not at all in the conventional theological or ecclesiastical sense, the book is essentially religious. Indeed, Mr. Wells makes no attempt to conceal his antipathy to ecclesiasticism. "The spirit of Jesus," he says, "is something different from formal Christianity, which I regard as the vehicle, the largely unsympathetic vehicle, by which that spirit was carried about the world." And he sums up his own debate on the relation of economics to religion in this eloquent and suggestive passage:

Men were first subjugated into more than tribal societies by the fear of monarch and deity. It is only within the last three or at most four thousand years that we have any clear evidence that voluntary self-abandonment to some greater end, without fee or reward, was an acceptable idea to men, or that any one had propounded it. Then we find spreading over the surface of human affairs, as patches of sunshine spread and pass over the hillsides upon a windy day in spring, the idea that there is a happiness in self-devotion greater than any personal gratification of triumph, and a life of mankind different and greater and more important than the sum of all the individual lives within it. We have seen the idea become vivid as a beacon, vivid as sunshine caught and reflected dazzlingly by some window in the landscape, in the teaching of Buddha, Lao Tse, and, most clearly of all, of Jesus of Nazareth. Through all its variations and corruptions Christianity has never completely lost the suggestion of a devotion to God's commonweal that makes the personal pomps of monarchs and rulers seem like the insolence of an overdressed servant and the splendors and gratifications of wealth like the waste of robbers. No man living in a community which such a religion as Christianity or Islam has touched can be altogether a slave; there is an ineradicable quality in these religions that compels men to judge their masters and to realize their own responsibility for the world.

Mr. Wells is an avowed advocate of Socialism; but it is a Socialism of the Fabian Society type, not of the Leninist stripe; a Socialism which dreams of the time when all men shall be so animated by the spirit of brotherhood that greed and cheating will die of atrophy and political corruption and oppression will take their place with the extinct monsters of the Silurian Age. If this is a mere dream, it is certainly a pleasant one, far preferable to that nightmare, also described by Mr. Wells in one of his effective novels, in which civilization collapses and man, in the ultimate frenzy of scientific warfare, destroys not only the human race but the very fertility of the earth itself.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE HAZEL TWIG AGAIN

It has once more been demonstrated that any expression of doubt as to the finding of water by means of a hazel twig or willow rod will bring forth a vigorous protest. Your issue of September 6, 1916, page 18, had such an expression, and a protest from a Maryland correspondent was forthcoming in the following December 13 issue, page 835. This time it is a Vermont clergyman who, in your issue of February 9, 1921, page 229, takes exception to an editorial fling at finding water by the same means.

There is absolutely no scientific reason why any action such as that mentioned by your correspondent should take place, and the results, if any were obtained, were due to purely psychological reasons. The myth has been controverted for centuries. The Encyclopædia Britannica devotes a page to the divining rod. The United States Geological Survey in 1917, in reply to the numerous inquiries that were continually being received from all parts of the country, issued "The Divining Rod: A History of Water Witching, with a Bibliography," by Arthur J. Ellis, a monograph of sixty pages. Of these, twenty-eight closely printed pages are given to the bibliography. An extract will be quoted:

"It is difficult to see how for practical purposes the entire matter could be more thoroughly discredited, and it should be obvious to every one that further tests by the United States Geological Survey of this so-called 'witching' for water, oil, or other minerals would be a misuse of public funds."

Each year adds to the astonishing number of articles, pamphlets, and books already written on the subject. Why they should so readily obtain a hearing is a mystery, but the human kind likes the mysterious.

R. FLEMING.

Engineering Department,
American Bridge Company,
New York City.

THE ARCHITECT AND THE SLUMS

I

My attention has been called to a passage from an article by Mr. P. W. Wilson entitled "Buying up Slums" which would indicate that architects as a whole do not care to expend their best endeavors upon small work. I do not believe that this is at all the case. The excellent work done in small houses by the various architects under the Housing Bureau during the war is alone sufficient evidence to the contrary.

While it is perfectly obvious that an architect who really studies his problem cannot afford to design single small houses costing four to six thousand dollars individually with the care and attention that he does larger work, the architect can, and does frequently and

"IT TAKES to your company wonderful-well, and if you takes to mine, then that's plain-sailing, says I. But if them apes and monkeys over yonder are more to your liking than a shipwrecked sailor, who's to blame ye? Every man to his own, says I; breeches to breeches, and bare to bare. The werry first thing is for me and you to unnerstand one another."

—The Three Mulla-Mulgars,
Chapter IX.

with much pleasure, design groups of houses in which infinite detail can be duplicated at a very much lower rate than the usual commission.

New York City. AYMAR EMBURY II.

II

IN an article in your issue of January 26 by P. W. Wilson, entitled "Buying Up Slums," the following passage occurs:

"She was further impressed when I told her how architects, paid on percentages of cost, naturally concentrate their highest skill on large buildings, monuments, and so on, instead of cottages, where one design might be multiplied a thousandfold, without advantage to the professional man responsible."

A charge to the effect that the medical profession reserved its "highest skill" for the best paying patients and denied its best efforts to those of narrow means, or a similar slur at the legal fraternity, or any other body or class of reputable men, would never, I think, be permitted space on your pages.

As a matter of fact, there is no type of problem that has received, and is receiving, from American architects such careful, conscientious, intelligent, and thorough study as that of the planning and design of the small house, considered not only as a single unit, but in groups, to form the community or the town; and they have made the most energetic and unselfish efforts to assist in every way the many projects that have been discussed or undertaken for better housing.

At the present time a chapter of the American Institute of Architects in the Middle West is devoting much time and trouble to getting together and putting into shape, readily available for use, a large number of plans for small houses which combine high practical excellence with real artistic merit.

These plans are to be offered to the public generally at a nominal cost, for the special purpose of facilitating and encouraging the construction by people of very limited means of homes which shall be well planned and well designed.

In short, the design of the small house

suffers, not because of the indifference or the incompetence of the architect, but because of the general misconception, to the effect that he is to be consulted only on constructions of importance and high cost; and that in respect to small operations he is an expensive and unnecessary luxury.

New York City. HENRY G. EMERY.

STILL STUDYING BARNUM'S HANDWRITING

ON the cover of The Outlook for January 12 appears a facsimile letter from P. T. Barnum to Dr. Lyman Abbott. On page 54 this letter is "translated." In the translation the last clause reads as follows: "I hope you will take occasion to see a really sound and interesting Exhibition." I think that Mr. Barnum, instead of writing "sound," wrote "moral," and I think this makes the letter all the more interesting. Although it is, of course, a minor matter to which I am calling your attention.

New York City. RAYMOND G. FULLER.

[That is probably what Mr. Barnum ought to have written. What he did write, we are now persuaded, is "novel." —THE EDITORS.]

KNIGHTS ON THE RAILS

"Is chivalry dead?"

I have read with a little surprise this question in your issue of February 9.

I have just come from Texas, a few days released from Uncle Sam's Army, to this great city; and have just been patting myself upon the small of my back because chivalry is so much more alive in this great country of ours. Have been trying not to do as the publican did not do, saying, "I thank God he made me one of these!"

Why?

Leaving San Antonio our train was pretty well filled; leaving Denison it was filled, all berths taken, top and bottom. I saw there man after man give up his higher-priced lower and take any upper berth so ladies might be more comfortable.

None of the men were from any one place, or any one State. Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, and Alabama were represented in the men who did this. None appeared to feel they had done anything particularly fine. The ladies favored were—if a man can guess at a lady's age and not be wanting in chivalry—about fifty-five, about forty, about thirty-five, and two young ladies, twenty-four or twenty-five. They all thanked the men sweetly and womanly; all offered to go further and repay the difference, and without exception it was refused.

Leaving St. Louis, the diner was crowded. I saw a man (I learned later he came from Idaho) get a seat at the table for dinner with another who came

from Nebraska. They were talking and, seemingly, quite interested in each other's conversation. Two ladies entered and the dining-car steward had just said, "I'm sorry, can't give you a seat now; there will be a table in a few moments." Idaho and Nebraska got up as if the command "Rise" had been given, offered their seats, which were accepted with pleasant smiles and courteous thanks. The men came back in the aisle and stood waiting till there was another place. Neither mentioned it, but went on with their conversation.

Now railways, subways, and elevated

lines cannot always furnish cars to seat all passengers. I have lived years in Mexico, where that was the law; when all the cars were filled, we had to stop selling tickets, get another train if possible. But few people wished to wait. They would climb on the first train and pay cash with extra fare.

I admit something more might be done to care for ladies and children on trains, but I hope that we will not have to have "ladies' salons," "chewing-gum," "sundae," and "feminine cigarette" cars for ladies.

Railway men now are pulling hand-

fuls of hair out of their heads to try to find some way to meet fixed charges; buy high-priced cars and oil and higher-priced steel for cars, locomotives, and rail; pay their employees a living wage; and keep their jobs. Many of the best minds of the country have been devoted to this. We want the railways to run. Really, the reason nice smoking-cars are put on for men is something to entice them from the ladies, who formerly objected to smoking. Something extra is needed to do this. Chivalry is behind it.

AN OLD RAILWAY MAN.

New York City.

MORE CONTEST LETTERS

SABLE WINGS



The last copy of *The Outlook* that my husband brought home was for January 21, 1920.

A month had passed. It was late in February, and I was trying to adjust myself to a great change—striving with all my might to get my bearings in a new world. The angel with the sable wings had come to our home, and I was left desolate. In a dazed way I was telling myself that I *could not* go on—could not go on alone!

Before me, upon my library table, there was piled a jumble of unopened letters and magazines, and among them lay *his Outlook*. *His* hands had touched it! I took it up and it lay open in my lap, and through a blur of tears my eyes rested upon the one word "HOW?"

When I had finished reading and re-reading what was under the caption "How?" on page 101, I knew that I *could* go on, and *not alone*. In some way these five or six paragraphs had helped me over a hard place, helped me as nothing else had, and in some way the writer of them had put me, for a little while, in touch with the world of the spirit.

And to-day, as then, *The Outlook* has a way of helping me. Every week I find in it something that my soul seems to need. It carries a message to the inner woman of me as well as to the outer. And, because it has helped me, I would like to see it in the hands and in the homes of more women.

Perhaps I am mistaken—I hope I am—but it seems to me that *The Outlook*

is not a journal that appeals to any great number of women. I am, of course, judging by the way I felt toward *The Outlook* before I became a reader of it and by a few women friends who subscribe only to journals that contain plenty of fiction and fashions.

If I am right in surmising that *The Outlook* is not a journal that appeals to many women, and if I am right in assuming that the editor would like to have more readers, then I think that a page or two devoted to women and their trappings would increase the circulation of *The Outlook* and benefit many women, for, no doubt, a woman in search of something *chic* to put on her head would in *The Outlook* find something to put in her head, and a taste for better reading would in time be acquired.

MARGARET MACKIN.

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

THIS FRIEND OF MINE



proceeds to play host and spreads a delectable feast. We delight to sit and listen as with rare taste and mature judgment he recounts and interprets the events of current life. He travels far and wide, and as he talks in words and in pictures he carries us with him over

FORTUNATE is the person who has an old friend—a friend of discretion as of years, of wisdom as of discrimination. Such a friend calls at our home each week, has been calling there for years. When he comes, he at once

land and sea and through the air to places little known. He discourses downright entertainingly as well as instructively of politics, commerce, and finance; he holds refreshing views on education, religion, and morals. And he does it all with such genial grace and speaks with such clearness and choice language that boredom is impossible while he is about.

I first became intimately acquainted with this friend while at college. Upon graduation, it was with deep regret that I bade farewell to many other associates. But here was a friend from whom it was not necessary to part. During all the intervening years he has come to fill his place in the home. Across half the country he has been a constant companion, and beyond the Pacific he has not deserted us, but has made his way, bringing wholesome cheer, helpful counsel, and sound advice. Out there too he has a large circle of admiring friends, a circle ever widening.

This is one of his outstanding qualities, the ability to make and keep friends. It is remarkable the way he does it, yet for him it is but natural. He is a perfect gentleman, kindly and humorous, and still with well-defined convictions which he never compromises and which he does not hesitate to advocate. Ever ready to listen to the "other fellow," he is quick and sure to search out the right and defend it with vehemence and power. He can preach like a prophet of old. Witness his war record! With what force and eloquent persistence he presented and clung to the few fundamental facts and issues at a time when some issues were far from clear to all, and many minds were muddled!

No, of course I do not always agree with all of his views, but I have found that these same views are never to be ignored or lightly cast aside. A pioneer and a leader, he knows whereof he speaks. It has been my pleasure to introduce him to some of my other friends and to help arrange for his weekly visits to their homes.

Criticise him? I know neither for what nor how. He is keen and alert and keeps himself so fit that habitually he forestalls criticism—this friend of mine, *The Outlook*. B. T. SCHWAB.

Denver, Colorado.

You don't have to be a celebrity to break into print. The winner of *The Outlook* Prize Contest Number One was a Wisconsin farmer. Two of the other prize winners were housewives. Turn to the announcement of Prize Contest Number Two on page 392 of this issue.

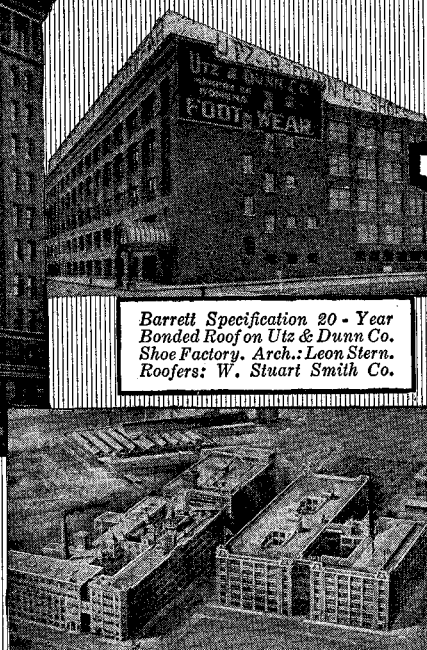
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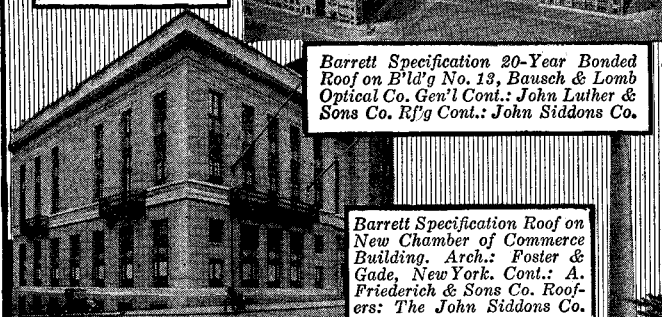
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof, shops of General Railway Signal Co. Eng.: J. F. Ancona. Gen'l Cont.: Gorsline & Swan. Roofing Cont.: W. Stuart Smith Co.



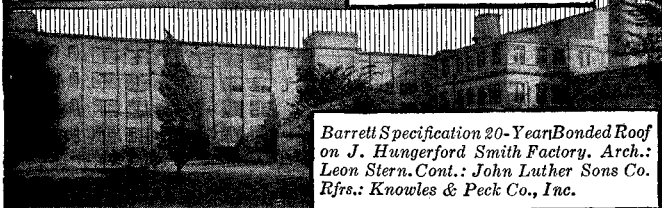
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Old Chamber of Commerce Bld'g. Arch.: Leon Stern. Cont.: A. Friederich & Sons Co. Roofers: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.



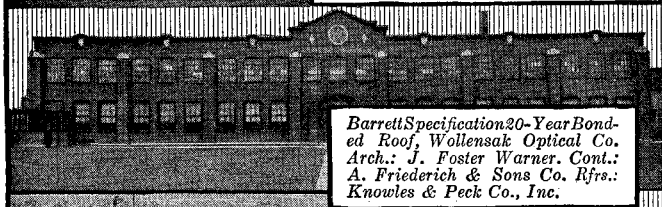
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Bld'g No. 13, Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. Gen'l Cont.: John Luther & Sons Co. Rf'g Cont.: John Siddons Co.



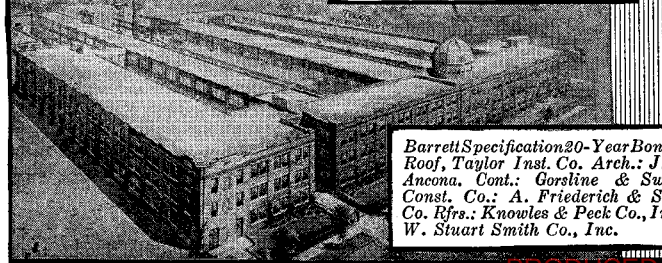
Barrett Specification Roof on New Chamber of Commerce Building. Arch.: Foster & Gade, New York. Cont.: A. Friederich & Sons Co. Roofers: The John Siddons Co.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on J. Hungerford Smith Factory. Arch.: Leon Stern. Cont.: John Luther Sons Co. Rfrs.: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof, Wollensak Optical Co. Arch.: J. Foster Warner. Cont.: A. Friederich & Sons Co. Rfrs.: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof, Taylor Inst. Co. Arch.: J. F. Ancona. Cont.: Gorsline & Swan. Const. Co.: A. Friederich & Sons Co. Rfrs.: Knowles & Peck Co., Inc.; W. Stuart Smith Co., Inc.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

A Famous Picture Gallery

HOW many famous art galleries of the world can you name? What cities are they located in?

Is there an art gallery in your city? If so, by whom was it established and how is it supported? If your city has not an art gallery, do you think it would be worth while to make an effort to establish one? State your reasons.

What is the real value of art to society?

Can you tell where the following works of art are: The "Sistine Madonna," "Mona Lisa," "The Man with the Glove," "The Surrender of Breda," "The Night Watch," Whistler's "Mother," "The Last Judgment," "Colleoni," "The Birth of Venus," "Venus de Milo."

Can you name ten American painters?

Can you name five American sculptors? For what is each particularly noted?

In your opinion are our schools and colleges cultivating the taste for beautiful things? Should they? How can they?

Is our architecture improving in character? How would you prove your answer?

Discuss the philosophy of art and life contained in the familiar lines from the "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Explain the meaning of the following words: *Technique, prospectus, etchings.*

One of the best single volumes on art is that entitled "Apollo," by S. Reinach (Scribners). This volume is an illustrated manual of art throughout the ages.

The Wilson Administration

What is your explanation of the verdict rendered by the American voters last November on the Administration of Woodrow Wilson?

Do you think, as The Outlook does, that we should train ourselves to judge men's acts without endeavoring to judge their motives and character? How important do you consider this matter?

What do you think The Outlook means by saying that President Wilson "began and continued as a frankly partisan liberal"? Is it unbecoming for a President of the United States to play such a rôle?

What, in your opinion, were President Wilson's essential weaknesses?

What qualities and characteristics had he which you admire in a public official?

Do you pronounce President Wilson's Administration fundamentally a failure?

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

What reasons can you offer in support of your answer?

Is it too early to judge Mr. Wilson's place in history? Explain your answer.

Define with care the following expressions: *Repudiate, disillusion, rôle, henchmen of the bosses, mugwumps, politicians, toryism, cogitate, coadjutor, impartial in expression and thought.*

The following books dealing with Mr. Wilson and his Administration are well worth reading: "Woodrow Wilson, An Interpretation," by A. N. Low (Little, Brown & Co.); "International Ideals," speeches and addresses made during President Wilson's European visit (published by Harper); "What Wilson Did at Paris," by R. S. Baker (Doubleday, Page); "Woodrow Wilson at His Work," by W. E. Dodd (Doubleday, Page).

Senator Johnson a Temporary New Yorker

What is the difference between Mayor Hylan's proposed solution of New York City's transportation problem and that of Governor Miller?

What arguments can you present in favor of or against municipal ownership of street railways?

What arguments can you present in favor of or against municipal operation?

If you were a New Yorker, would you want a part of the city's tax money spent in paying Senator Johnson for his legal services in representing Mayor Hylan before the New York State Legislature?

If it is true that Senator Johnson, as is suggested by some people, has undertaken legal work for Mayor Hylan as a means of preparing the way for his own appearance as a Presidential candidate in the 1924 campaign, do you think he has used good judgment?

Does Senator Johnson's record as Governor of California show that he ruled the city of San Francisco through the State machine? If so, how do you account for his defense of the home rule principle in New York City?

What is meant by municipal home rule? Has a State legislature the right to interfere with the management of cities within the State?

What provisions does your State constitution contain with regard to cities?

Could the New York State Legislature take away from the city of New York the essential control over the traction situation?

Define the following expressions: *Deterioration, bankruptcy, disinterestedness, antipathy, franchises, deficits.*

In connection with the study of city government the following books are very valuable: "City Manager Plan," by E. C. Mabie; "Commission Plan of City Government," by E. C. Robbins; "Municipal Ownership," by J. E. Johnson. These books are published by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York City.

PRIZE CONTEST TWO

Help Write the Record of the World War

THE SCARS of the war are inscribed upon every home. Even if none of your family fell in battle, the war has made a difference in you. What is that difference? For the best letters on the subject of "What the World War Did to Me" we will award:

First Prize \$50

Second Prize \$30

Third Prize \$20

We hope that some of the contestants will write with such candor that they will wish to sign a pen-name for publication. Tell us how you have profited, how you have lost. What illusions were swept away while the world was on fire? Were you perhaps a profiteer? You can't write your autobiography in 600 words, but you can write a confession. We want realities not sentimentalities or fancies.

Conditions of Contest

1. Write your name (add a pen-name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



ANDREW TEN EYCK is the author of "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo," which caused a wide-spread discussion in diplomatic circles upon its appearance in the December 22 issue of The Outlook. He is a

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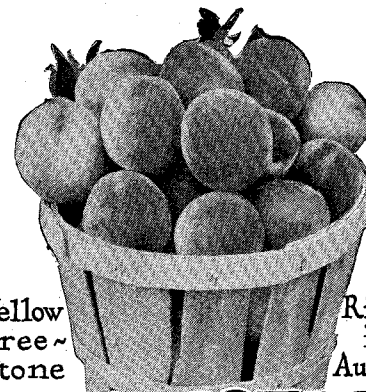
WILLIAM THOMAS ELLIS has been a war correspondent on Persian, Caucasus, Roumanian, and French fronts during the World War; he covered operations in the Balkans, Turkey, and Egypt for the New York "Herald." He has been editor of the International Christian Endeavor organ and of "Forward" and has been on the editorial staff of various Philadelphia newspapers. He has toured the world investigating social, religious, and political conditions and lived six months in Russia during 1917. He is the author of a book on Egypt and several books on church affairs. His home is in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT was born in 1893, and was graduated from Harvard in 1914. He was secretary to Major-General Leonard Wood during the latter's Presidential campaign. Mr. Roosevelt was an attaché of the American Embassy in Paris from October, 1914, to April, 1916. He entered Fort Ogelthorpe First Officer's Training Camp and was a commissioned captain of infantry in August, 1917, and detailed to the French school for trench warfare, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Later he served in France, being appointed Assistant Chief of Staff, 81st Division. He was later transferred to the American Commission to negotiate peace.

HAROLD T. PULSFER is a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE has frequently contributed articles and verse to The Outlook and other publications. He lives in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. He is a native of South Carolina. Much of his work reflects an unusual and sympathetic understanding of the Negro. Among his books are "Tom and I on the Old Plantation," "Songs from a Valley," and "Plantation Game Trails." Near his home on the west bank of the Santee there is an immense game preserve formerly owned by his father. There is perhaps the finest sea marsh on the South Atlantic coast; his years of roaming and observations on this estate have furnished the material for his article in this issue.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT is President of The Outlook Company.



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August

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403 Perfect Peaches on 4 year old tree

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TREES planted in Spring, 1918, bore 150 to 200 peaches past summer.

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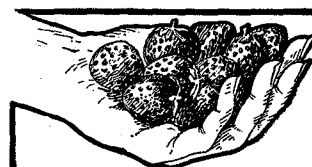
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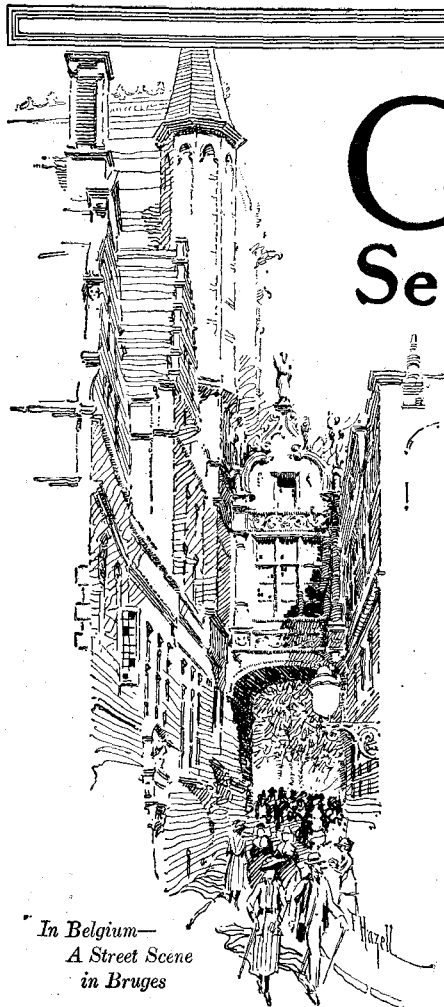
CONFIDENCE

"THE outlook is brighter than it was, I'll admit, but there are still a number of dark spots." This is the way the present business situation was described recently by a man who ought to know.

What is the present situation, anyway? What is the reason for the slump in many lines of business just now? How long will this condition endure?

Every one knows that until early last fall prices had been mounting steadily for a number of years. There was what is known as a "rising market" for goods of all kinds. The demand

was almost unparalleled; people were buying the products of our industries in such volume that production could scarcely keep pace with their wants. One reason for this demand was the rising market itself. Prices had been going steadily upward, and predictions were freely made on all sides that the peak was still to be reached. When a man needs a suit of clothes and all his friends tell him that unless he buys it right away, he will have to pay more for it, he does not hesitate. As a matter of fact, he may buy two suits instead of one and figure that he is saving money. The whole thing is largely psycho



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logical—mob psychology, perhaps. When every one thinks prices are going higher, they act on this belief and try to buy before the advance takes place. This increases the demand and prices do go up. Manufacturers see the demand for their goods, note with satisfaction the high prices they are getting for them, and naturally do all they can to increase their output. This increases the demand for men, and wages rise; the price of raw material goes up, and manufacturers, figuring exactly like the man who needs a suit of clothes, buy an extra quantity of goods to get the benefit of the price then obtaining and escape the higher prices to come. Everything is in demand, every one is buying, and, as one economist stated, "any fool can make money at such a time." Any one with anything to sell can sell it. The mob goes on buying and buying, every one of them thinking he is shrewd. The trouble is that prices cannot keep on going up indefinitely. There is a limit to everything, and sooner or later the peak is reached; then many people discover that, instead of having been shrewd and bought at a favorable price, they have in reality bought at the very top.

Prices then begin to fall and along comes a slump. When people see prices falling, they are as chary about buying as they were eager to buy when the opposite condition prevailed. Instead of purchasing a new suit of clothes, the man who needs one holds off, figuring that if he makes the old one do for a few months longer he will be able to purchase at greatly reduced prices. Demand falls off, more goods are being produced than can be sold, and prices start downward. Manufacturers and producers find themselves loaded up with a great quantity of goods which cost them more than they can get for them, and they become the victims of a mild panic. Very probably they have borrowed the money to buy these goods and see the loan soon coming due; they must have cash to meet it, and they dump their goods on the market, realizing whatever they can for them in order to make quick sales. The size and number of their orders fall off, depression takes the place of expansion, they lay off men in order to cut down their output, wages are reduced to curtail expenses, and hard times prevail. Now when prices go down somebody is always squeezed, and the number of business failures always shows an increase over the times when there was a rising market. The adjustment to lower levels is invariably difficult. "Any fool" cannot make money at such a time; it takes courage and ability to meet these changed conditions successfully. On the other hand, there is a limit to the extent prices can go down and eventually the bottom is reached, just as previously the peak was gained.

One great reason, then, for the present slump and the feeling of uncertainty prevailing as a result of the downward trend of prices is psychological. People think lower prices are coming and are content to wait for them. Consequently they are not buying, and business is suffering because of the slack demand for the products of business. Another rea-



Husbands, Wives, and Wills

MANY women who take a keen interest in their husbands' business problems and co-operate in solving them, seem to consider the very important business matter of making a will too solemn a subject to discuss.

Yet here a woman misses a great opportunity to help her husband. This is one of the things about her husband's business that a woman should make *her* business.

A wife should know that, if her husband dies without having made a will, the laws governing in such a case must take their course, and their impersonal operation may not take into consideration the particular circumstances in which she and her children may find themselves; and that the disposition of the property may be entirely different from that which her husband would have intended.

A wife should know that the law permits her husband by making a will to provide for her future comfort, to relieve her of many legal prob-

lems, and to prevent annoyances and disappointments.

She should know, too, that through his will, her husband can create a trust, protecting her against ill-advised investments, freeing her from the responsibilities of management, insuring the preservation of the property, and at the same time securing to her the fullest benefit from the estate.

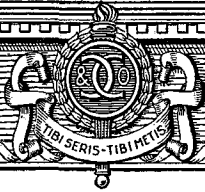
She should know that the modern Trust Company offers a confidential and perpetual service in carrying out the provisions of a will, and that it renders this service under the supervision of strict State laws and in accord with sound business principles.

Having in mind her children and the protection which only a will affords, it is a wife's duty, as much as her husband's, to see that a proper will is made.

A wife should encourage her husband to make his will, to name a Trust Company as the executor and trustee under his will, and—to do these things **NOW**.

This is the third of a series of messages to be published by associated trust companies of the United States concerning the services they render. A new book, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, explaining these services, may be obtained upon application to a trust company, or upon request to

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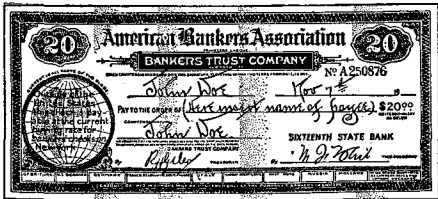
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

son for the lessened demand is the inability of Europe to buy in our market; Europe has little money and little credit, and, as we seem unwilling to give her much of either, she is more or less estopped from buying our goods. Another great reason for the decline in prices is of course the deflation of our currency which has been going on for a year or more. There is less money than there was, and consequently what money there is goes further than it did; no one needs to be told that this means lower prices. Sooner or later, of course, prices will stabilize themselves, price fluctuations will grow less violent, and a level will be reached which every one will recognize as more or less permanent. Then confidence will return, people will start to buy again, business will improve, and we will start ahead once more on a firm and enduring basis. Just when these things will all come to pass is something no one can predict with any degree of certainty. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the fact that a number of "dark spots" still exist, the outlook is brighter than it was. The feeling of business men is more cheerful than was the case a few months ago.

Now the same things which have affected business generally have had their influence on the security markets. When security prices were going up, the "dear old public" was rushing in to buy before prices went higher. People paid little attention to values; every one was buying, every one said that quotations would soon be higher, and every one bought because every one else was buying. Then came the slump in business, and many concerns, particularly the industrials, were hard hit; their inventories showed enormous shrinkages. Naturally their securities dropped, and many people wished, too late, that they had confined their purchases to the bonds and preferred stocks of high-class, well-managed companies, instead of risking what they had in speculative securities.

In the security markets uncertainty began to prevail just as in the markets for commodities. The public stopped buying and prices fell away. Recently the stock market has been largely a professional affair, with scarcely any participation on the part of the public. It is a common phenomenon that the public buys stocks only when prices start up. The Financial Department of The Outlook, for instance, always prepares for a greatly increased number of inquiries the moment a bull market starts in Wall Street. When the market is stagnant, as at present, people show little interest in it. But let there be a few days of rising prices, and letters begin to pour in. People are all excited about securities which they thought unworthy of attention when quoted at considerably lower prices a short while previously. Patently this is not particularly intelligent. If a stock looks good at 75, why did it not look better yet when it was quoted at 70 ten days before? If a bond is worth buying at 88, was it not still more worth while at 83? People are afraid to go it alone; they

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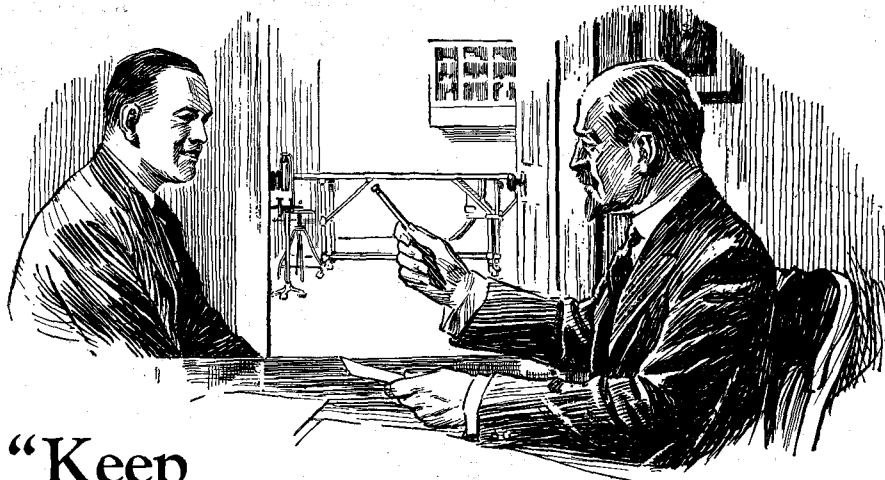
MEMO For Your Secretary

Write The Babson Statistical Organization, Roger W. Babson, President, Wellesley Hills, 82, Boston, Mass., as follows:
Please send me a copy of Special Bulletin C-37 and Booklet, "Should Business Men Buy Stocks?" gratis.



prefer to wait until every one else is doing what they want to do, and then the company of a large number of others gives them confidence. Their confidence is shaken now because quotations have sagged, and they think perhaps they will work still lower. After all, isn't the whole situation a question of confidence? Some people say that higher security prices and bull markets will not come until money is easier. Money was tight last year, but we had high security prices and bull markets just the same. No, people are waiting to see what is going to happen. If prices go still lower, they will continue to wait, no doubt. If, on the other hand, security prices start upward and maintain an upward movement long enough to convince the public that it is genuine, then no doubt they will all rush in and start to buy again, regardless of value and without more than a cursory investigation. Isn't it a far better plan to buy when you know values are low, even if you believe there is a chance of their going lower still? If you have confidence in the future, it is. What the crowd does may be right, but a crowd seldom makes its decisions coolly. And almost invariably the crowd finds that it is too late for best results.

The wise man does not wait until a thing has happened before taking advantage of it. Rather he anticipates it if possible. That is, if he is possessed of confidence and not dependent upon the crowd to supply him with the courage necessary to make him act.



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ington Ave., Boston, Mass.

EASTER card designed by Ernst Jonson;
the old illuminator's art revived in modern
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est grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward
Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

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WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspec-
tors: no experience; train for this profession
through spare-time home study; easy terms;
\$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guar-
anteed, or money back. Outlook, local or
traveling, under big men who reward ability.
Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business
Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

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DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria
managers, governesses, matrons, house-
keepers, social workers and secretaries.
Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5,
Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall,
Trinity Court. Address Providence.

MOTHER'S helper wanted in minister's
family, at Riverside, Conn., having five chil-
dren, ages 5 to 10. Must be young, fond of
out-of-doors, and with good references. 9,471,
Outlook.

WANTED—Housekeeper for next school
year in girls' school, vicinity of Philadelphia.
Must be energetic and experienced in buying
supplies, planning menus, care of material
fabric of buildings, and management of large
force of servants. 9,477, Outlook.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer
and employee; housekeepers, matrons, dieti-
tians, governesses, secretaries, attendants,
mother's helpers. 51 Townbridge St., Cam-
bridge, Mass.

WANTED—Young gentlewoman of refine-
ment and culture, fond of the country, who
would manage a quiet home life with lady
requiring companion-nurse. Must have good
health. Full particulars and references de-
sired. 9,516, Outlook.

WANTED, for Dr. Grenfell's Mission Or-
phanage in Newfoundland, trained dietitian;
small yearly salary and traveling expenses
paid. Apply for appointment to Dr. W. R.
MacAusland, Chairman Staff Selection Com-
mittee, 240 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for
elderly lady during summer. Pleasant coun-
try; college governess Margaret C. Waites,
South Hadley Center, Mass.

GENTLEWOMAN not over 35 wanted as
nursery governess to assist mother in care of
four children, ages one to seven. Will con-
sider French governess. Mrs. H. H. Perry,
Prospect St., Belmont, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public
and private schools. Calls coming every day.
Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency,
Albany, N. Y.

COUNCILOR also athletic and swimming
director for boys' camp in Maine; preferably
private school teachers or men used to work-
ing with this type of boy. 9,476, Outlook.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public
and private schools—all sections country
(some foreign openings). Walter Agnew, 1254
Amsterdam Ave., New York.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, by banker, young lady of re-
finement to manage home and coach two
boys, ages 14 and 15, with their lessons in ev-
ening. Must be college graduate, thoroughly
understanding Latin, algebra, and geometry.
Box 364, Fort Worth, Texas.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WOMAN with sixteen years' institutional
experience, preceded by several years' teach-
ing, desires position as superintendent of small
Protestant institution, preferably for
girls or young children. 9,481, Outlook.

YOUNG man, thirty-five, desires position
of secretary or superintendent in boys' home,
club, school, or Young Men's Christian Asso-
ciation work. Twelve years' experience. 9,504,
Outlook.

POSITION wanted by experienced woman
as superintendent, manager of apartment
hotel, or buyer. 9,517, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN, trained, experienced tech-
nical libraries, desires position. University
graduate, thorough knowledge French, Ger-
man, Italian, Spanish. 9,520, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN of refinement and ex-
perience desires charge of motherless home
or companion to lady. Highest references.
9,488, Outlook.

TEACHER who has had little opportunity
for leisure or travel would like to act as com-
panion to lady traveling or spending July
and August at summer resort. Best of refer-
ences given and desired. 9,497, Outlook.

WIDOW, experienced with young people,
desires position as housekeeper or house-
mother in girls' school. 9,502, Outlook.

TRAVELING CALIFORNIA. Trained
attendant and kindergarten would take
charge invalid or children. References.
9,510, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, entirely without rela-
tives, refined, quiet disposition, desires posi-
tion as companion to couple or gentleman.
Will travel. Finest credentials. 9,510, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as com-
panion, mother's helper, for summer. 9,514,
Outlook.

SUMMER position wanted by agreeable
woman as traveling companion. 9,518, Outlook.

CULTURED, middle-aged woman desires
position as companion. Experienced with
elderly people. Best references. Prefer Ohio.
9,519, Outlook.

AMERICAN born middle-aged widow,
knowing Spanish, French, German, stenog-
rapher, desires position as companion or sec-
retary to lady, or doctor's assistant. Prefer
country. Highest references. Will travel.
9,524, Outlook.

COLLEGE man, recent graduate, desires
opportunity to travel. 9,525, Outlook.

REFINED, well educated young man, 28,
desires place as companion to convalescent
gentleman or to mental case. Capable of
excellent results with students or business
men, melancholia or dementia precox cases.
Highest credentials. At liberty now. 9,527,
Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher, young college
woman, desires to care for young children
during vacation. 9,496, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher desires po-
sition as tutor or companion for summer
months. References exchanged. 9,503, Outlook.

ENGLISH woman desires position in family
to coach pupils in English, Latin, French,
mathematics, and music. Has been coaching
backward pupils for Oxford in England. Ex-
cellent testimonials. 9,509, Outlook.

YOUNG man, university graduate, wishes
position as tutor or companion during next
summer. Three years' experience. Accus-
tomed to outdoor life. 9,508, Outlook.

SUCCESSFUL teacher, English specialist,
desires summer work June-Sept. Traveling
companion, coach for college preparatory,
backward child. Littleton, Millbrook, N. Y.

TEACHER, Spanish, refined lady over 30,
wishes position in private school to teach
Spanish. Would consider proposition as part-
ner in school, investing some money. Excel-
lent references and credentials. 9,515, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MASSAGE, thermal lamp, and other treat-
ments in your home by specialist. Graduate
medical missionary. Frank C. Rose, N.D.,
350 West 26th St., New York City.

WANTED to buy any old crockery with
picture of Hartford State House on it. B. F.
Beardsley, 71 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.

HOMESTEAD FARM to rent—Mohawk
Valley—to young woman or responsible fam-
ily. Pleasant companions for elderly woman
desired instead of high rent. 9,513, Outlook.

BEAUTIFUL country home for little girls.
Mental and physical training. References.
9,511, Outlook.

LADY with comfortable home would de-
vote all her time to care of girl from 8 to 10
years old for reasonable price. Can furnish
best of references. 9,523, Outlook.

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for per-
sonal, club, or business correspondence, 150
sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes
printed with your name and address, \$1.50.
Write for samples. Lewis, 25 Hudson Ave.,
Troy, N. Y.

WANTED—Young women to take nine
months' course in training for the care of
chronic and convalescent invalids. Address
F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will
send things on approval. No samples. Refer-
ences. 309 West 39th St.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

OUR mail during January and February indicated that some of our subscribers were clearly under the impression that the advance in The Outlook's subscription price was unwarranted. In a few cases we have written direct to subscribers, giving the real facts and stating in detail the actual increase in cost of paper and all printing and mechanical costs involved in the production of The Outlook. These letters were confidential but explicit. We have been particularly gratified to find that in every instance where such a letter was sent the subscriber has replied, conceding that we are right and amply justified in charging the present subscription price, and inclosing a check for \$5 for renewal. We reprint two of these letters herewith which are typical of them all; one comes from a subscriber in Portland, Oregon, the other from a subscriber in Buffalo, New York:

"I thank you for your letter of February 8 in reply to my criticism of The Outlook's subscription price. I am sensible of the fact that you did not write in a mere effort to hold a subscriber. Nevertheless I inclose herewith check for \$5 for my renewal. In these days of the 'get-all-you-can' manifestation one comes to suspect about everybody. But you have convinced me The Outlook did not deserve to be so suspected."

"My letter to you of January 10 was not intended to convey the idea that I suspected you of profiteering. I know your reputation too well for that. Your letter of the 12th has given me considerable inside information regarding the cost of raw materials necessary to get out your publication.

"Please accept my thanks for the frank manner in which you have explained the situation to me and, regretting that I have put you to so much trouble, please find inclosed check covering my subscription for 1921."

IN Prize Contest Number One you were invited to write about The Outlook. In Contest Number Two, an announcement or which appears elsewhere in this issue, we invite you to write about yourself. The subject of this contest is "What the World War Has Done to Me." We want autobiographical flashes from all kinds of experiences. If you are one of the people who, as charged at the recent meeting of the New York Council of Deans of Women, have lost their ethical standards as a result of the war, why not enter this contest and tell us all about it? Whether you're a flapper or a philosophical octogenarian, we are interested in your reactions to the war. This contest closes March 31.

"THE OUTLOOK is the most reliable friend I have," writes a Michigan physician. "We have had it in our family for many years. My wife finds The Outlook the best reference magazine, and it is the only one we keep. We have all the numbers for twenty years. Any topic of real worth has a fair discussion in The Outlook."

THURSDAY next is a good time to earn Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday."

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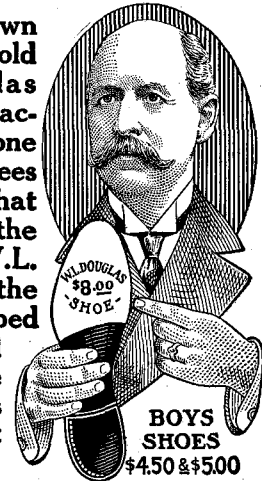


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MR. CHESTERTON, in his book about Jerusalem, says that the tradition of Turkish rule in the Holy City is a joke. "All the stories about it," he says, "are jokes, and often very good jokes. My own favorite incident is that which is still commemorated in the English cathedral by an enormous hole in the floor. The Turks dug up the pavement looking for concealed English artillery; because they had been told that the bishop had given his blessing to two canons! The bishop had indeed recently appointed two canons to the service of the church, but he had not secreted them under the floor of the chancel."

Even the most expert movie acrobats miss their footing now and then, it appears from this paragraph in a film magazine: "Douglas Fairbanks's injuries in a fall he suffered while doing a stunt in his latest picture, 'The Nut,' will keep him idle for about five weeks; it is believed that he will now visit Japan to get exteriors for a new picture."

Toledo, Ohio, a writer in "Collier's" says, is the only city he knows where any stranger can find the art institute by asking any child on the street. "Children really built the museum building," he says. "Their pennies, nickels, and dimes made a pile four feet high in a bank window. The newsboys worked like beavers for the cause, on the slightest warrant crying through the streets, 'All 'bout the Art Musm!' On any Saturday you can see in the Museum's basement hundreds of typical healthful, happy American youngsters picnicking at luncheon time in order to be in the Museum all day."

Evidence that the world is getting back to "normalcy" is found in the number of exploring expeditions that are planned for this year—at least sixteen according to one paper's count. There is to be a British Antarctic expedition, which will be equipped with airplanes; an expedition to explore the sources of the Amazon; one to northern Asia, to search for traces of primitive life; one to survey the South Sea Islands; one to study earthquake phenomena in Mexico, which will use an improved seismometer called an "inerviameter," to record both motion and energy; four expeditions to explore Africa; expeditions to the frozen North by the veterans Rasmussen and Amundsen; and one to Siberia to the Kolyma River, which is said to be frozen over 280 days in a year and to be the cause of terrific inundations when it thaws.

The London "Sphere" celebrates its twenty-first birthday with a review of the notable events that have occurred during its life. The war, of course, has been the greatest of these, historically. The most far-reaching, perhaps, has been the development of the airplane and the automobile. In science the palm is given to Mme. Curie with her discovery of radium, while in the field of exploration Peary's discovery of the

North Pole is the outstanding event. Woman suffrage is considered the chief political change. In literature the chief place is given to Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells. In the field of amusement, the cinema and the phonograph are regarded as the pre-eminent developments of the period.

The cosmos, according to Einstein as recently expounded in the New York "Times," has finite limits, and light traveling at 186,000 miles a second would reach the limits of the universe in a billion light-years. A correspondent of the "Times" humorously suggests, in answering the question, What is beyond the limits of the cosmos? that "there is where the elusive mathematical quantities, such as zero, infinity, and the square root of minus one, live and cavort together on the terraces of nothing, and play hide and seek in the fourth dimension."

A judge's decision was recently quoted in this column, in which the advice was given that lawyers should not interlard their remarks with Latin phrases. Apropos of this advice a subscriber sends the following excerpt from Artemus Ward's account of a Patti concert:

Miss Patti orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun, why under the son don't she do it? What cents is thare in singing wurdz nobody don't understan when wurdz we do understan is jest as handy? Why people will versifferously applaud furrin language is a mistery.

The Mexican method of preparing and using chocolate, as described in "The People of Mexico," by Wallace Thompson, is peculiar. Chocolate, he says, is prepared by the Spanish method, which includes a steady "whipping" of the boiling chocolate, sugar, water, and milk with a wooden beater whirled between the two hands. "The result is an extremely rich and very delicious mixture which can be thinned, if desired, with hot milk or cream, although this outrage is usually committed only by foreigners. When taken in the proper Mexican fashion the chocolate is sopped up with the white breads, sweetened or unsweetened, which accompany breakfast."

To the literature of illiterate signs a reader contributes the following "modern instance," seen on a Brooklyn rooming house:

LIGHThouse.
KEEPING
LARGE and Small
Rooms to Rent

In The Outlook of January 26 three photographs appeared, on pages 140, 153, and 154, in articles on Forest Conservation. These photographs were mistakenly marked Copyright by the Keystone View Company, from whom they were obtained. They should have been credited to the New York State Conservation Commission, having been taken for the Commission by W. S. Carpenter, Secretary to the Commission.